THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PRIESTS IN POLITICS.

John E. Redmond, Leader of the Parnellite Section of the Irish Party, Defines Their Position in an English Periodical.

They Are, He Says, Only Powerful Politically When They Succeed in Confounding Politics With Religion in the Minds of the Irish People.

The power of the Irish priesthood in the political life of Ireland is one of the facts in the Irish question which it would be the utmost folly to deny. It is a fact capable of a perfectly satisfactory explanation, and does not in itself, if properly appreciated, import any danger whatever into the concession of self-government to the people. The political power of the Irish priesthood has its origin far back in the dismal annals of the past. The Irish priest owes his influence to the tradition, handed faithfully down through many generations, of self-sacrifice, courage and devotion. Time was when the priest was the one friend to whom alone the people could turn to fight their battles against oppression, and to save them from famine. The Irish priests sprang from the people themselves, were animated by the same hopes and aspirations of their flocks, and were the only men on the side of the masses with sufficient education to lead them in temporal affairs. The passionate attachment of the peasant to his persecuted faith, and the sacred character with which that faith invests its ministers, went to complete that power in political matters which, down to this moment, is exercised by the Irish priesthood.

I will not stop to consider here the mistakes which marked this political leadership of the priests; what I desire to do is to show that, as it exists under the fundamentally different conditions of today, its significance and its potency have been alarmingly exaggerated. With the advance of education and political thought among the masses, the influence of the priests in Irish politics has undergone a complete change. Upon this matter I may, perhaps, be taken as an impartial witness. For two years I and my colleagues have been engaged in a contest with the practically unanimous body of the bishops and priests of Ireland, and my experience has been such as to convince me that, while the arm of the church is still strong, and under certain conditions omnipotent, in Irish politics, the spirit of independence of thought and action has spread and is spreading with enormous strides among the people, and that no fear need be entertained of a future Irish parliament being being for any long period dominated by cheerful influences. The priesthood is only powerful under certain conditions. For example, when Mr. Parnell started his movement, he found himself confronted by almost the entire body of the bishops and priests. In some places, no doubt, he had clerical sympathy from the first, but these were the exceptions. In by far the greater number of Irish counties the Land League met with either the open or secret opposition of the clergy. Mr. Parnell went on, and after a few short years this opposition changed into support, and at no time was it of sufficient power to lead the people away from the League. Again, in relation to the plan of campaign, the same thing occurred. In this instance the clerical influence came from Rome itself. Few Irish priests identified themselves with the movement, but in spite of church influences, in spite, even, of the Roman Rescript, the people stood by the Plan.

The explanation of the comparative triumph of the clergy over Mr. Parnell and his friends after the split in Committee Room 15 is simple enough. First of all, there was no question of home rule at stake. If the bishops and priests had sought to lead a revolt against home rule, not a single Irish constituency would have followed them. It was, indeed, under the dishonest guise of anxiety to safeguard home rule that many were asked to desert the man who had made home rule possible. Then the priests were able to quote as agreeing with their view the majority of Mr. Parnell's own party. Had Mr. Parnell in Committee Room 15 secured a majority of even one in his favor, in my opinion the power of the priests to destroy him would have been but small.

More potent than either of these things, perhaps, was the deplorable question which gave the priests their real power during the crisis. They preached throughout the length and breadth of Ireland that the question of Mr. Parnell's leadership was a religious and not a political question. The minds of the people were confused. Had the priests rested their case upon political considerations, Mr. Parnell would probably be alive and at the head of the Irish nation today. But they did not do so; they told the people the question was a religious one, and those of us who regarded the matter as purely one of politics were held up as attacking religion and morality. Speaking the other day in Meath, Dr. Nulty still maintained this position. He said—"I simply say to you, my friends, that Parnellism is the greatest moral curse that ever appeared in this country. For the last seven centuries we have had nothing to compare with it. It was a deliberate and wilful uprising against the authority of the clergy, against the priests and bishops of the country. * * * The question we had to deal with was not a political question: it was purely a religious question; and on the religious question the bishops and priests could make no compromise. I come to you as a messenger sent by God to teach you all things; for our Lord commanded me to teach you. I must teach these things in their entirety and their fullness; and if I entered into a compromise with Parnellism, I would betray the trust in me by God."

I say, therefore, that the power recently exercised by the Irish clergy was due mainly to these three reasons: First, they were not attacking home rule; on the contrary, they maintained that it was necessary to overthrow Mr. Parnell in order to safeguard it. Second, they were in agreement with a majority of the Irish party freely elected by the people in 1886. Third, the deplorable proceedings in the divorce court enabled them with some plausibility to urge upon the people that the question was after all a religious and not a political one. Had any of these three conditions been wanting—had they attacked the national question, had they a majority of the Irish party against them, or had the scandal of the divorce court not occured—the Irish clergy would have been defeated all over Ireland.

And even with all these conditions in their favor, what has occurred? In the boroughs of Ireland, where political education is naturally the most advanced, the electors polled in the proportion of about 3 to 2 in favor of the Parnellite, and against the anti-Parnellite, candidates; and taking the whole of Ireland, over 70,000 Catholic votes were cast in favor of Parnellite candidates, and in direct and open opposition to the unanimous and active opposition of the bishops and priests. The Irish metropolis declared solidly against the interference of the clergy, and it is an undoubted fact that as time has advanced the party which resents and resists undue clerical interference in political affairs has grown in strength and numbers every day.

What does all this point to? The conditions under which the influence of the priests carried most of the Irish seats at the last elections cannot arise again. In the absence of those conditions the clergy would have been most undoubtedly defeated. Even when fighting with these favorable conditions on their side, a large and determined section of Irish Catholics, in spite of odium and misrepresentation, stood forward to oppose their influence. Surely the inference is irresistible, that the days of wholesale clerical intimidation in Irish politics are numbered, and that in an Irish parliament perfect freedom of political thought and action would be speedily established and jealously guarded.

With regard to the recent exhibition of the enormous power of the Irish priests in politics, it is only fair to note one further and most significant fact. There was no question of Catholic and Protestant mixed up with it at all. Mr. Parnell and his party were attacked by the priests for a variety of reasons, among which no feeling of sectarian animosity or bigotry had any place whatever. It mattered not to his clerical opponents whether the Parnellite candidate was a Protestant, a Dissenter, or a zealous Catholic. If any distinction were made at all it was rather in the direction of pressing opposition further against a Catholic than against a Protestant. In the recent elections in Meath, consequent upon the petitions, the Parnellites ran one Catholic candidate and one Protestant; and the priests did the same. Mr. Jordan, the member for South Meath, is a Protestant, and the member for North Meath is a Catholic. Whatever may with justice be said in condemnation of the recent action of Irish priests in politics—and I for one will not be accused of desiring to understate the case against them—no one can truthfully allege that they have used their power for any bigoted or sectarian motive.

For all these reasons I do not entertain the smallest apprehension of any attempt to use Irish legislative autonomy for sectarian purposes. I believe the influence of the priests in Irish politics is rapidly waning. I am convinced that, though the clerical party triumphed at the last elections, the contest of the past two years In Ireland has injured the political prestige of the priesthood almost beyond recovery, and that the new Irish parliament will not be five years in existence before it has resolutely shaken itself free from the control or improper interference of clerical influence in political affairs.—*J. E. Redmond in the Pall Mall Magazine.*

PATRIOTS' DAY

At the Irish Village and Donegal Castle.

Arrangements have been made to celebrate the patriots of Ireland and heroes of Irish history at the Irish Village in the Midway Plaisance. The first of these occasions will be on Saturday, July 29. The Irish patriots who will be celebrated on that day are Wolfe Tone, Grattan and O'Connell. The portraits of these great men hang on the walls of the banquet hall of Donegal Castle, and on that day the model of the memorial chapel now being erected to the memory of the great Liberator at Cahirciveen, county Kerry, by the exertions of Canon Brosnan, will be unveiled, and the chair used by O'Connell, the hat with which he was publicly crowned, and other relics will be put on exhibition in the hall. On the Village green a platform will be erected, and orations will be given by speakers who command the sympathy and attention of the Irish race. Mr. M. V. Gannon of Omaha, Neb., will speak on Daniel O'Connell, and John F. Finerty will speak on Grattan and Wolfe Tone. Other speakers and arrangements will be announced in the next issue. This interesting occasion is the first of many which, during the next three months, will take place at Donegal Castle, and at which the great men of Ireland will be celebrated.

A NOBLE "FELON."

Letter Sent to a Friend by the Unfortunate Prisoner, John Daly, Out of the Living Tomb of Portland Prison.

Sentiments Expressed by Him That Ought to Make Gladstone and His Lieutenants Blush for Acting as the Brave Man's Jailers.

The Dublin *Daily Independent's* Limerick correspondent says the following letter was received on the evening of June 26 by Mr. John Crowe, vice-president of the Limerick Amnesty Association, from John Daly. Portions of the letter have been excised by the prison authorities, and Mr. Daly's friends are apprehensive from this circumstance and the general tone of the letter that something or other is amiss with the health of the unhappy prisoner:

"PORTLAND PRISON, Thursday, June 15, 1893.—*My Dear Friend:* Strange, I am writing to you now for the first time since my incarceration, and yet among the many friends I believe I possess in Ireland today there are few who know me as long or as intimately as you do. Jack, it is not easy to write to you under the circumstances. Recollections—fond recollections—crowd thick and fast on my mind, and I live in the past over again. My God! it is more than a quarter of a century since our friendship began. Oh! how my heart goes back to those days when Ireland began to wake from the ignorance and slavery pounded into her for centuries. We were full of hope then, and little we dreamt of felons in Portland in '93. We were young and full of love—full of a glorious future for our country, and I don't think we were wanting in true courage; for were we not ready and willing to leave those we loved dearest, perhaps never to meet on earth?

"Jack, those were the days of our youth, the days I am proud of, because we were free from every selfish thought, free from every selfish ambition, free from the spirit either of faction, vengeance, hatred, or revenge. In truth there was no place in our hearts for aught but love of Ireland and her future glory. Yes, those were the days of our youth, days which I would not renounce or ignore for all the freedom, favor, or fortune England could bestow on me. Now, when freedom may mean life, ignorance and malice may asperse our characters, hirelings may sell our bodies into slavery, slanderers may try to destroy that which is dearer to us than life. Oh! slander is a terrible weapon when used with artistic skill. But were we not prepared to face all these things in the glorious days of our youth? Then why should we repine now in our matured years when in our heart of hearts we know that we simply tried to do our duty to our country?

Far dearer the grave or prison,
Illumed by one patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruin to fame.

"Friend Jack, you amazed me when you mentioned the names of ex-felons now honorable members of the imperial parliament. And so they seem to forget the days when they were felons. Ah, well, thank God, the people did not forget them in their hour of need, and though some of them may try to palm off their own selfish ambitions on the people to whom they owe everything as genuine patriotism, oh, it won't do. The people will not long be deceived, for they are just as they are generous.

"But you are about to enter on a new era of your country's history (though here in Portland prison it sounds to me like a terrible grim satire). But oh! if it were only true—true in the sense that you and I used to understand it. If it were only true, I say, who would not rejoice that the struggles, the blood, the suffering, and the heroic efforts of Ireland's sons have not been in vain? But who would rejoice more than the suffering felon, whose heart swells with honest, manly pride, that his country was winning her way back to her place as a nation? When the word goes forth demolish the bastile of history. Oh! then, let us hope that the name of your humble servant may be the last on the roll of Ireland's felons.

"Friend, friend of my youth, I am going to make a request. The natural uncertainty of life would not cause me to do so just now, but a short time ago (5th of May)——

[Here a portion of the letter appears to be erased.]

"Therefore, should I die in prison, let my body be taken home to Ireland, and placed beside my brother Ned, and if my mother be then living, let a space be left between us for her. Under ordinary circumstances I would not care where my body lay after death, but after so many years of life to think of being buried with cutthroats—oh horror!

"Mr. O'Gorman's letter of March 27 reached me a month after date. There were two items in it which pleased me very much—if there were any others they were marked out—Bryan O'Donnell being mayor of your city and a friend of amnesty. Bravo, Bryan. That's just as it ought to be. Express my great pleasure both to him and his beautiful wife. The other was James Flynn being proprietor of Cruise's Hotel, and desiring to be remembered to me. I trust Mr. Thomas O'Gorman has quite recovered from the effects of the operation he had to undergo. I am uneasy in consequence of his not acknowlenging my letter of St. Patrick's Eve.

"My friend, can I trust you to write me a letter—one ever so long and ever so broad, with ever so much about Limerick and her people in it, a people that have made themselves so dear to my heart that were it possible for an individual suffering to raise her up to a place of power, dignity, and affluence equal to the resources which heaven has given her, God knows I would begin my suffering all over again, and suffer on uncomplaining until my soul went forth to join those who suffered and died for Ireland.

"Convey to Mr. Egan the great pleasure I felt at hearing of the improvement in his health and appearance, and his loyalty to his old comrades in misfortune; also to Mrs. Egan.

"Drop into Shelbourn and tell them how pleased I was at their kind inquiries about me. And so you buried poor Jer Frawley. Our old friends are dropping fast around us. Is it true that the Marchioness of Queensberry is dead? If so, why was I not informed of it? This noble woman will be always dear to me?

"Thank Mr. F. J. Allan, of Dublin, in my name for his kind visit to me.

"Is the factory still working? Kind regards to William Abraham and Mr. Hamilton.

"To the Amnesty Association tender my heartfelt thahks, and to all my friends in Limerick and elsewhere the love of a grateful heart, and believe me, my friend, yours as ever, J. DALY."

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

They Waved Enthusiastically Over the Assembled A. O. H. at Davey.

[*Lincoln, (Neb.) News, July 5.*]

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Davey, Neb., celebrated in becoming fashion the anniversasy of American independence. A grove about a half mile from the town was secured, and speaking and dancing platforms, rustic seats and tables provided for the entertainment of the multitude. The Elkhorn train, which arrived at 7:50 a. m., took out a large number of Lincoln people, and the 2:20 p. m. train unloaded the divisions of the A. O. H. of Lincoln and York at the depot. The programme of speaking commenced about 3:30 and continued almost two hours. On the platform, which was covered with the Stars and Stripes, were seated Revs. J. Crowley, O. N. Turgeon, F. L. Loughran and M. J. Corbett, and Hon. T. T. Kelliher, County Delegate A. O. H. of Lincoln county; George F. Corcoran, County Delegate of York county, and James J. Condon, County Delegate of Lancaster county.

Rev. J. Crowley introduced Father Loughran, who delivered a very stirring and patriotic address, urging his hearers to stand up forever for the glorious principles of liberty and equality guaranteed to them by the constitution of the republic of the United States.

County Delegate James J. Condon followed in an address in which he explained the aims and objects of the A. O. H., and why it was in existence in this country. He dwelt at considerable length on the subject of liberty, and commented on the good effects of such celebrations on the minds of the coming generation of American citizens. He claimed that Irishmen were natural lovers of liberty and for seven hundred years a persistent fight has been waged in their native country against the oppressor; that Irishmen make good American citizens, and that they are here in this country to stay, to help build up its industries and commercial interests and to participate in the blessings of a government of the people. The address was received with enthusiastic applause.

County Delegate T. T. Kelliher, of North Platte, was introduced and delivered a splendid oration on the achievement of American independence, pictured the growth and welfare of the republic with the present condition of European nations. The people of the United States should take a lesson from the downfall of Rome, the mistress of the world; Greece, the teacher, and other nations of the past. He favored liberty for the entire human race and believed that America was teaching the world the blessings of freedom and showing humanity a way to elevate and ennoble itself. His address was very much appreciated and acknowledged.

Mr. Joseph T. Smith, one of Lincoln's sweetest vocalists, captured the hearts of his audience by the rendition of the old Irish ballad "Mavourneen," and was rapturously applauded.

The audience then dispersed to various portions of the grounds and enjoyed the refreshments and amusement provided for them, until the departure of the train at 8:30 p. m., when the various delegations started homeward, after enjoying a very pleasant day at the hands of the Davey division.

SHAMROCKS, OF MONTREAL.

[*To the Editor.*]

The champion Irish Lacrosse team of America, the Shamrocks of Montreal, will play in Chicago during Scottish Week, Thursday, Aug. 4, at the South Side Ball Park. The Torontos will do battle with them for the $500 silver cup offered by the Scottish Assembly. This Canadian national game, when properly played, is very exciting. Representatives of the Irish team are now in the city, and claim that if skill and dexterity will count in the coming contest, they are sure to win. G.

A Battle for Blood

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

The Sixth Annual Encampment of the Irish-American Military Union at Newark, N. J.

A Polish Battery of Artillery, Inflamed by Sympathy With Ireland, Asks Admission to the Union And is Admitted —Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo Present.

The sixth annual encampment of the Irish-American Military Union was held at Newark, N. J., from the 1st to the 5th inst., inclusive. It was very successful. Among the troops participating were the Emmet Guards, of Washington, D. C.; Second Regiment Irish Volunteers, New York; Shields Guards, Danbury, Conn; Gray Guards, Luzerne, Pa.; Hibernian Rifles, Philadelphia; Philadelphia Signal Corps; Hibernian Rifles, Meriden, Conn.; Troop C, First Regiment Irish-American Cavalry, Syracuse, N. Y.; Parnell Guards, Elizabeth, N. J.; First Regiment Irish Volunteers, Newark; and troops from Scranton, New Rochelle, Albany and other places.

Saturday afternoon Maj.-Gen. William F. Kelly, commander-in-chief, arrived with his staff, Adjutant-Gen. P. J. Keating, Newark; Paymaster-Gen. Patrick O'Brien, Philadelphia; Quartermaster-Gen. Henry Boylan, Philadelphia; Judge Advocate-Gen. Thos. H. Ronayne, New York; Col. Joyce, of the Commissary Department, Scranton, Pa.; Assistant Surgeon-Gen. J. Sullivan, Scranton, Pa., and other officers.

On Sunday there was a military mass, which was very impresive. The music was that of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, given by Nickol's Orchestra. The Rev. Father Holland, of Newark, was the celebrant; the Rev. Father Callan, of Orange Valley, deacon; the Rev. Father Sheehan, of Newark, subdeacon, and the Rev. Father Maurice O'Connor, of Harrison, master of ceremonies. Immediately before the last gospel the Chaplain-General, the Rev. J. A. Fanning, preached. His sermon was full of patriotic enthusiasm, and no one in the throng heard him unmoved. He told of the past military glories of Ireland. The victories of Irishmen at Cremona and on the fields of Ramillies and Fontenoy, and later still their heroic deeds beneath the Stars and Stripes at Marye's Heights and Gettysburg, and in every fight that was fought to preserve the Union. Then he pointed out, although he did so with shame, the fact that Irishmen fought and won England's battles, and that of the gallant Six Hundred 576 were Irish.

The culmination came when Dr. Fanning seized the green flag near him, and, wrapping it around him, said there was never a stain on its green or its gold, and it would be carried to victory yet. The pent up feelings broke into a thunder of applause, and even the priests on the altar were unable to resist their heart impulses. The applause died away only to break forth again and again.

In the afternoon the chaplain was presented from the I. A. M. C. with a sword, epaulettes, hat and gloves. Judge Advocate-General Thomas H. Ronayne, made the presentation speech. Col. M. T. Barrett, of the Governor's staff, Senator Hinchliffe, J. J. Sullivan, Capt. Berry, Postmaster Conkling, Postmaster Sheridan, of Elizabeth, and others also made patriotic speeches.

At 6 o'clock there was a dress parade of the troops in camp in the presence of a large gathering. The Emmet Guards, from Washington, D. C., and Connecticut companies made a fine showing.

Monday morning at 6 o'clock all hands were on parade. During the forenoon there was target practice and competitive drills, in which the Emmet Guards, of Washington, D. C., made a fine display. The members of the Citizens' Reception Committee were early on hand, and Capt. John J. Berry, Col. Barrett, of the Governor's staff; James F. Connolly, M. J. O'Connor and others saw that both officers and men were well taken care of. In the evening, after the thunder-storm, there was dress parade and reception and review by the Mayor. After the parade Gen. Kelly and his staff and the men were addressed by the Mayor, who said Newark was happy to have them again in the city.

William Lyman, treasurer of the Irish National League of America, visited the camp and was received by Gen. Kelly, whom he complimented on the appearance of the soldier laddies and the general arrangements.

Tuesday morning there was a parade of soldiers and civilians. At the head of the military rode Gen. Kelly and his staff.

They were preceded by a platoon of police and followed by the First Regiment New Jersey National Guards, the Emmet Guards, of Washington, D. C., the Irish Volunteers from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Meriden, Conn., Philadelphia and various other cities, the Hibernian Rifles from Meriden, Conn., the St. Patrick's Alliance Guards, with Capt. Cahill, and other troops. At Broad street the Ancient Order of Hibernians joined the column. Passing through Mulberry street the procession was saluted by the chimes of St. John's church, of which Dr. Fanning is pastor. The bells played the "Wearing of the Green," and the soldiers took up the refrain. The people along the route were enthusiastic over the Washington boys, but when the flags of France and Poland came along the cheers drowned the booming of the guns. When the paraders returned to camp the commander of the Polish battery of artillery, Capt. Don Kolaski, told Gen. Kelly that the cause of Ireland was similar to that of Poland, and asked to be taken into the Union. This was done amid great cheering. The French companies were the Garde LaFayette, under Capt. Thebau, the Liberty Guard and Capt. Kolman's sharpshooters.

In the afternoon the staff and soldiers assembled to hear an address by Senator Thomas Dunn English and the Declaration of Independence read by Col. Thos. H. Ronayne. In the centre of the quadrangle formed by the soldiers were Gen. Kelly and staff, William Lyman, Treasurer of the Irish National League of America; Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, Mayor Haynes and the aldermen and city officials, Tom Brennan, "Capt. Tom," Capt. O'Meagher Condon, Thomas J. Dennehy, Thomas B. Leahy, Senator Hinchcliffe, Thomas Barter, J. O'Sullivan, T. O'Sullivan, M. J. O'Connor and others. Col. Ronayne read the Declaration of Independence. A reception to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and the Mayor followed, and later came the dress parade. The men made a magnificent showing.

After the parade Gen. Kelly announced that Capt. C. O'Connor McLaughlin of his staff had been promoted to the rank of Major.

The encampment closed Wednesday night. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to competitive drills, and the first prize, a large silver urn, was won by the Emmet Guards, of Washington, D. C., Company C, Hibernian Rifles, of Meriden, Conn., won the second prize, a silver cup. The third prize, also a silver cup, was won by the First Philadelphia Signal Corps.

In the individual drill, Sergt. William F. Gallagher, of the Emmet Guards, took first prize, and Private P. J. Hogan, Company C, Hibernian Rifles, second prize.

In the afternoon the Philadelphia Signal Corps gave an exhibition of signaling.

Resolutions were adopted thanking Gov. Wertz for the use of the New Jersey State tents; also thanking Mayor Haynes and the Common Council of Newark for their co-operation; to the priests who celebrated the high mass and others.

It was decided to hold the encampment of 1894 in New York city.—*New York Tablet, July 8.*

A NATURALIZED IRISHMAN.

A correspondent, signing himself "American," sends the following communication, asking that answers be given as soon as Father Cronin can be communicated with:

To the Editor of the Catholic Times—In your current issue considerable space is given to a speech delivered on the Fourth of July by a Father Cronin, of Buffalo, in which appears the following rather startling assertion:

"Since the Declaration of Independence was first publicly read by John Nixon—a naturalized Irishman—in Independence Square, Philadelphia, 117 years ago, while Liberty Bell proclaimed to the world the immortal event, the annual advent of this historic day has never failed to awaken proud recollections and patriotic emotions in every American heart."

This is eloquently beautiful, but what court naturalized John Nixon? Are his naturalization papers preserved or are there any records of them? I think Father Cronin permitted his Irish enthusiasm to overshadow his American common sense. Will you be kind enough to secure information from the reverend gentleman as to the truth or falsity of his assertion?

It seems that the same thoughts took possession of an editorial writer on the Buffalo *Evening News*, and he hurled his questions directly at his neighbor, Father Cronin, in this fashion:

Did Father Cronin really mean to say that John Nixon, "a naturalized Irishman," read the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776? We thought the colonists and Irishmen alike were British subjects at that time. When did John take out his papers?

Promptly, Father Cronin made answer in his *Catholic Union and Times*, and as that answer will allay the perturbed spirit of "American" we give it as written:

"John" took out his papers, when, with eight other signers of the Declaration of Independence, of Irish birth or blood, he declared the colonies "absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all the political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." That is the kind of "British *subjects*" those Irishmen were "at that time."—*Catholic Times.*

Wave Tossed.

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease. Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNITED IN PERIL.

Amazed at the sudden apparition of our heroine, the men in whose clutches O'Tracy was struggling relaxed their grip of him and drew back, awaiting the directions of their commander, who viewed the strang tableau with that cold and sarcastic smile which was perpetually haunting his evil countenance. And now, indeed, fearful and intense was Edmund's agony of mind, as he stood there on the pirate's deck, close by the yawning gangway, clasping the form of his betrothed in his arms, and confronting the savage crew that seemed thirsting for his blood. One glance of defiance he cast on the semicircle of brutal faces, in which he read nothing but hatred and malice. Then, with a thrill of painful emotion, he gazed on the sweet, fair, young face upturned to his own—the face of her whom he loved best in the world, and who, after their long, weary time of separation, was now resting like a timid fluttering dove on his bosom. As he met the loving, imploring look of those dark eyes, the love which their light had enkindled three years before on the banks of Lough Gill filled his heart as if to bursting—filled it with a melancholy blending of sweet and bitter emotions. And thus they met, he and his betrothed!

"Emon *achorra machree*, save me! oh, save me!"

He bent down, tenderly put back the glossy masses of brown hair, and kissed the white brow which they veiled.

"Kathleen, my own darling Kathleen!" he murmured, sadly, "would you were anywhere but here; you have come to witness my death."

"Death!—then I shall die with you;—we will die together."

There was a rigid and resolute expression on the maiden's wan countenance as she flashed a defiant look on the array of scoundrel visages that frowned on herself and her lover.

An outburst of loud and ferocious murmurs prevented any further converse between the twain. Their short period of astonishment over, the pirates of the Parliament were eager to complete their work of death without further delay.

"By my word, a pretty picture," exclaimed Swanley, "but 'fore heaven we've had enough of it. Come, rascals, overboard with the fellow without more ado, and hence to the cabin with this lively wench—this precious cargo that sails under the flag of our friend Harrison. Gadzooks, what a meeting and parting of two fond souls have we here? Pity we have no time or inclination just now to blubber over the woes of faithful Jack and Betsy."

Ere the last heartless jeer had fallen from the Puritan's lips, his minions had once more precipitated themselves on Edmund, and pitiful were the shrieks and struggles of Kathleen as the fell executioners strove to tear him from her embrace.

"No, no," she wailed, "you shall not murder him!—you shall not murder him!"

"Pack of blunderers!" exclaimed black Gilbert Harrison, fuming at the clumsy efforts of the Puritans to loose the girl's tenacious grasp of their victim;—"confound you, is a puling maid too much for you? Come, my tulip, cease your squalling for this unworthy rascal, who shall never trouble you more, and let him be pitched to perdition with all due dispatch. Come you with me."

He seized our heroine by the arm to drag her away, but swift as lightning she turned and struck him a ringing blow in the face—a wild, non-scientific downstroke, which would have been a slap, save that the small white hand which dealt it was tightly clenched, and yet it sent the recipient staggering back a few paces, his hand clasped over one of his optics. The act evoked a loud peal of derisive laughter from the Puritans, the hoarse cachinnations of Swanley himself ringing above the mirth of his men.

"Ha, ha!" cried the pirate: "by the beard of Neptune, friend Harrison, here's a Tartar and no mistake. Fancy taking to wife a woman who can strike so heavily as that."

"Drat the vixenish hussy!" roared Gilbert, smarting under the combined effect of the blow and the jeers which followed it; "'tis not her first time to serve me thus, but it shall be her last. To perdition with my regard for her. Overboard with her, say I, and let her dainty flesh go feed the sharks."

"Be it so then," said Swanley, with meaning nod.

"No, no; have mercy, for heaven's sake, on this poor innocent girl!" exclaimed Edmund O'Tracy, in an imploring voice, addressing Swanley. "Spare her, I entreat you, captain: I ask no mercy for myself—I willingly go to death—but spare her, and the good deed shall not pass without reward.

"Pshaw!" returned the unrelenting carsair; "in dealing with Irish papists we rude seamen know no better deed than to smite with the sharp sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Lash them together, lads," he continued, "and overboard with them for once and all. Let the pair go to Davy Jones' locker together."

Promptly his men set about obeying the stern command. Ropes were cast and drawn tightly round the bodies of the intended victims; but, ere the first knot was tied, a burly figure strode forward, and again the executioners found themselves thrust backward.

"Confound my eyes if this thing shall go any farther! Belay, ye infernal lubbers; I'll drop the first man that dares lay finger on the boy or girl. Back—you know me!"

"What, now? Captain Bell turned chicken-hearted!" ejaculated Swanly, in angry amazement. "Nonsense! Come men, do your duty."

"Ho, ho! this a passing good joke," struck in the grim one-eyed Capt. Smith, with a sepulchral laugh;—"our Bell is getting cracked."

"Why am I not obeyed?" shouted Swanley, his features purpling with rage, as he stamped wrathfully on the deck. But the stout form of Bell still intervened between the ruffian crew and their prey, and the bluff seaman's fingers were toying with the butt of a pistol in his belt, as he calmly addressed the incensed Swanley:

"Belay, I tell ye; the game's spoiled. I am no chicken, but an old sea-dog who loves fair play. This bonny wench has shown spirit enough for the skipper of a seventy-four, and may I dangle at my own yard-arm if she or her gallant mate shall have a dip in the brine while I'm on deck. Come, Swanley, 'tis the first favor I've ever asked of you. Allow me to take charge of both these young people—to put *her* safe ashore at the first opportunity, and to convert *him* into an able seaman of our hallowed Parliament. Well, what say you?"

For about a minute Swanley maintained a sullen silence, his eyes fixed moodily on the deck, while Gilbert Harrison, whose face was distorted with anxious malice, whispered like an evil genius in his ear. At length he waved away the latter with a gesture of impatience.

"Bell, you may have your way, though 'tis little a man likes to be thwarted on the boards of his own deck. But beware of further leniency to Irish papists. Our godly parliament has sharp eyes, and soon discovers whether we bear the sword in vain, or smite the sons of Belial hip and thigh."

"Come with me: you are safe," said Captain Bell, drawing the rescued pair away from the open gangway.

"Vile hound, we shall meet again," hissed Harrison in the ear of O'Tracy, as the latter, supporting on his arm the now weak and tottering form of Kathleen, passed by him. The rescued pair were conducted by their deliverer towards the aft part of the ship, which they had scarcely reached when the overstrained nerves of Kathleen gave way. A deep sigh escaped her, and she lay, pale and motionless, in the arms of her lover, a deep sween happily blotting out further consciousness of the dread tragedy which was not yet concluded.

Not it! The terrible scene at the open gangway was renewed with all its horrors, as the remainder of the seventy doomed Irish soldiers were stripped, bound, and hurled from the fatal plank. A second ill-fated Irishwoman was detected by her emotion at her husband's murder, and flung ruthlessly into the sea. At last, only one more victim remained, and him the chief assassin singled out with an eye of malicious triumph.

"Come, Captain O'Carroll, you've got to follow your countrymen. Your proper *devoir* should be to lead them, but we must excuse you for the nonce: better late than never. Now, lads, you shall see how neatly an Irish cavalier takes his last jump, and how skillfully he swims without hands."

O'Carroll stepped forward towards the gangway. It was touching to see the brave descendant of Ely's chieftains stand there in the flower of his manhood, his strong hands bound behind him, and his deep ocean grave yawning at his feet. His features were blanched, but wore an impressive air of quiet fortitude and resignation.

"Friends," he said, looking towards Willoughby and the ex-captain of the Pelican, who had witnessed all in impotent sorrow and dismay, "should any of you ever meet any of my brothers, you may say I died fearlessly, as became one of my name and race. I recommend my soul to soul Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Lord, have mercy on me. God save the king!"

With this last prayer for an ungrateful monarch he leaped into the green water, struggled on the surface for awhile, and then sank for ever. The sacrifice was consummated.

"So much for our Irish friends,"—and the coldblooded corsair turned away from the fatal opening, through which so many of his victims had passed to death.

"Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that I also am an Irishman?" said a voice, in firm, deliberate tones.

"Humph," answered Swanley, coolly scrutinizing the person of the speaker. Captain Esmonde; "I am well aware of your nationality, captain, but you are not destined on this occasion to follow in the wake of your countrymen. Every rule has an exception, you know,. We shall make arrangements as to your stowage presently."

Then, after deliberating awhile with the other Puritan commanders, he informed Capt. Esmonde that he should proceed as a prisoner of war on board Capt. Bell's ship, where he should bedetained until the receipt of further orders respecting him. The English officers who were prisoners, viz., Captain Willoughby, the captain of the Pelican, etc., were to go on board the Vessel of Capt. Smith. Such were the arrangements.

Suddenly an exclamation of bitter regret burst from the lips of the quondam skipper of the Pelican, as the old mariner rushed to the bulwarks and gazed with much agitation in the derection of the latter vessel, on which all eyes were now turned. While the mournful scene just described was being enacted on the Parliamentarian's deck, the unlucky Pelican was being plundered by her captors. When, at length, she was gutted of everything worth removing, nothing awaited her but destruction. And now, as the last puritan boat put off with its load of spoil from her side, black wreaths of smoke were seen issuing from her hatchways. These were succeeded by lurid streaks of fire, which seized greedily on her rigging, mounting higher and higher every moment, and twining like fiery snakes around her masts. Fire glowed through windows and portholes, fiery tongues licked the dark sides of the vessel, and seized on the spread sails. Very soon the entire ship, from stem to stern, was a mass of wild, glowing, roaring flames, and ever and anon the burning deck resounded with the crash of falling spars and other timbers. The conflagration was at its height when there was a loud explosion, a great shock, and a broad vivid flash of light. A fountain of brilliant sparks and huge fragments of blazing timber filled the air, and then the vessel settled down and disappeared beneath the water, leaving the surface covered with floating pieces of timber, blackened relics of the fate of the good ship Pelican.

"Come, gentlemen," said Swanley, "the spectacle is over and the boasts await you. Time is up, and we must part."

"Swanley," said Capt. Willoughby, as he and the late Pelican's captain proceeded to descend into the boat which was to convey them to their floating prison, "I have never witnessed a more infamous deed than that which you have committed this day: it shall forever be a curse to your memory."

"Tush, man! curse or blessing comes all the same to men of my stamp. Farewell, captain;—a safe passage."

And the corsair retired to his cabin, carelessly humming a verse of an old buccaneering song:

"Robin Rover said to his crew,
Up with the black flag, down with the blue;
Fire on the main deck, fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck, fire down below."

The tranquil sunset of May saw the parliamentarian cruisers bearing southwards, past the Shannon's mouth, on their further mission of murder and plunder. A little while later and the London papers were loud in their praises of the inhuman actiou of Swanley, narrating with unsavory wit that "Capt. Swanley thus made those who would not take the Covenant take the water with their heads downwards," and that "he made trial if an Irish cavalier could swim without hands." And the journals of the English house of commons relate what followed in the next month after the wholesale murder:—"In June 1644, Capt. Swanley was called into the house of commons, and had thanks given him for his good service, and a chain of gold of £200 value; and Capt. Smith, his vice admiral, had another chain of £100 value." But this is bare history.

On the day following the events just described, Edmund O'Tracy was taken to the forecastle of Capt. Bell's ship, and there stripped of his clothes and clad in sailor's garb. As soon as his outer transformation from an officer of O'Neill's cavalry to a seaman of the English parliament was completed, he was brought before Capt. Bell.

"Good!" exclaimed the skipper on viewing his appearance. "You look passably well in your new rig. And now harkye, my man, you are henceforth to consider yourself a British sailor—though for the time being a confoundedly bad one—and as such you must learn to do your duties with care and obedience. For lazy lubbers we have such delicacies aboard as irons and cato'-nine-tails, and haply a strong hempen rope for a deserter. As to the lass, I mean to set her ashore at Youghal, so you needn't be uneasy on her account. Now, bo'sun, take charge of our new apprentice, and introduce him to his future messmates."

The captain was as good as his word with regard to Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin. Next day, when the ship cast anchor in Youghal harbor, a boat was lowered, in which our heroine was placed and rowed ashore, to shift for herself among strangers as well as she might. Before her departure, however, the worthy captain placed a small purse of money in her hand, and before her departure also she managed to give Edmund the narrative of her life since her abduction from old Breffny. Her tale was a simple one. The ship that had carried her from Sligo Bay was Puritan cruiser, which put into the Cove of Cork some days afterwards, and while there a friendly sailor, an Irishman and a Catholic by birth, enabled her to escape, and introduced her to a respectable family of the MacCarthy's, who received her with great kindness, and entertained her in their house for nine months. The family lived in Cork, which was garrisoned by the Puritans, and she was on the point of settling out for her native Leitrim when one day—a week previously—she was met in the street by Gilbert Harrison, who carried her off in open daylight to a ship in the harbor—Swanley's ship—his intention being to take her to Londonderry; and the rest was easily understood. One last embrace and she was gone, and Edmund was left alone on the deck of the Parliamentarian; alone, friendless, and hopeless, he fancied, in the wide world!

The life he entered on was as strange to him as it was repulsive. The threefold stigma of being an Irishman, a papist, and a laud-lubber, made him the continual butt of the merriment and contempt of the crew; and while he had to perform the meanest duties that could be imposed upon him, and was engaged in washing the deck or performing some other act of drudgery, his fellow prisoner, the royalist Captain Esmonde, enjoyed the luxury of the chief cabin, captain and officers treating him with much deference and consideration.

The vessel was usually engaged round the southern coast of Ireland, but she made occasional journeys to Bristol and Milford Haven. After some time three other war vessels were placed along with her, under the command of Captain Bell, and the squadron thus formed was ordered to cast anchor at Duncannon fort, at the mouth of the Suir, in order to aid that stronghold, which was closely besieged by the Irish confederates.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Thog seiscar no mór-sheiscar aca an corpán ann sin, agus tharraing siad análl chuige é, agus d'árduigh siad é air a mhuin, bhí brollach an chorpáin fáisgthe le n-a dhruim féin, agus chuir siad dá righ an chorpáin sin thart thimchioll a mhuinéil féin. Sheas siad air ais uaidh cúpla slat ann sin agus leig siad dó éirighe suas. Do ghabh sé ag cur cúbhair dé agus ag casculne, agus chraith sé é féin, mar shaoil sé an corpán do theilgint uaidh. Acht budh mhór a eagla agus a iongantus nuair fuair sé go raibh greim dalngean ag dá righ an chuirp timchioll air a mhuineul, agus go raibh a dhá chosa ag fásgadh a leasracha go teann, agus nior fheud sé a chathadh dé féin, dá láidreacht a fheuchaint. Bhí fíor-eagla air ann sin, agus shaoil sé go raibh sé caillte. "Ochón go deó!" ar sé, "is sé an droch-bheatha atá mé ag cathadh a thúg an cumhacht so do na daoinibh maithe orm. Geallaim do Dhia agus do Mhuire, do Phéadar agus do Phól, do Mhareus agus d'Eóin, agus móidim go leasóchaidh me m'anam agus a bhfuil rómham do'm shaoghal, má bhfágh' me teacht saor as an ngádh so. Agus pósfaidh me Máire."

Tháinig an fírin beag liath suas chuige arís agus dúbhairt sé leis. "Nois! a Thaidhgin!" ar sé, "nior thóg tu an corpán nuair dúbhairt me leat a thógbháil, agus b'éigin duit a thógbháil: B'éidir nuair deirim leat a chur ni chuirfidh tu é, no go mbudh éigin duit!"

"Rud ar bith a thig liom a dheunamh do d'onóir," ar Tadhg, "deunfaidh me é," mar bhi sé faghail céille cheana, agus muna raibh eagla áidhbheul air, ni leigfeadh sé an focal sibhialta sin as a bheul go bráth. Rinne an fírin beag sórt gáire aris. "Tá tú ag éirighe socair anois, a Thaidg," ar sé. "Mise mo bhannaidh!" ar sé, "acht béidh tu socair sul atá mise réidh leat. Elst liom anois a Thaidhg ui Chatháin, agus muna n-dmluighidh tu d'á bhfuil me ag rádh leat béidh aithreachas ort—budh miste leat é. Caithfidh tu an corpán so atá air do mhuin tomchar leat go Teampoll Démuis, agus caithfidh tu a bhreith asteach annsa' d-teampoll leat, agus uaigh dhéanamh dó i gceart-lár an teampoll, agus caithfidh tu na leaca thógbháil agus a-g-cur sios aris an chaoi cheudna, agus caithfidh tu an chréafóg iomchar amach as an dteampoll agus an ait fhágbháil mar fuair tu i, i riocht nach n-aithneochaidh aon duine go raibh rud air bith athruighthe ann. Acht ni h-é sin an t-iomlán. B'éidir nach léigfidhear duit an corp do chur annsa' dteampoll sin, b'éidir go bhfuil an leabuidh sin ag fear eile, agus má tá, is cosmhuil nach roinnfidh sé leis an georp so é. Muna bhfágh' tu cead a chur i d'Teampoll Démuis, caithfidh tu a bhreith leat go Carraigfhad-mhic-Fheórais agus a chur annsa' g-cill sin. Muna bhfághaidh tu dul asteach annsan áit sin, béir leat go Teampoll Rónáin é, agus má tá an chill sin druidthe ort beir go h-Imleog-fada é, agus muna dtiucfaidh leat a chur ann sin ní'l agad nios mó le deunamh acht a bhreith go dti Cill-Bhrighde agus cuirfidh tu ann sin é gan bacadh gan barradh. Ní fheudaim innsint duit anois cad é an chill ann a bhfaighidh tu cead an corpán do leigint faoi'n gcréafóig, acht tá fhios agam go léigfidhear duit a fhágbháil i dteampoll éigin aca. Ma gnidh tu go ceart an obair seo béidhmid buidheach diot, agus ni bhéidh aon ádhbhar bróin ort-sa, mar gheall air do thriobloid, acht má tá tu leisgeamhail agus mall, creud mise, go mbainfimid ár sásughadh asad."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood an mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

AN AIR CYCLE NEXT.

THAT IS WHAT'S WANTED BEFORE THE FLYING MACHINE.

The Bicycle No Longer Satisfies the Longing of Mankind For Free Movement. We Want to Travel as the Birds Do, but Must Learn Essential Lessons First.

The Frenchman who covered the dead walls of Paris with calls for subscriptions to a Society of Aviation, to start with a capital of 500,000 francs, may have been lacking in the highest qualities of public spirit. He was placed in jail for taking money for his little private flying machines, costing from $500 to $2,000, which he failed to deliver. But his merit lies in discovering the want that fills the breasts of a large number of men today. It is only the somewhat headlong method of gratifying that yearning which has interfered for a time with his locomotion. Had he but had the forethought to invent, to beg or to borrow a fairly efficient flying machine, nothing short of a cage would now prevent him from taking a leave as French as himself.

Though he should languish for the rest of his days in prison, M. Delprat will have the glory of the discovery that the bicycle no longer satisfies the longing of mankind toward a freer movement over the face of land and water. If we are to believe the evolutionists, man is the result of gradual aspiration, from the worm that walloweth on a portion of its anatomy unsuited to ears polite, through the many footed, the four footed and four handed beasts, up to the natural lord of creation who runs perpendicular on two feet. The present century has seen man become what the old legends would have termed the "whirling one foot." Why should not this progress continue and the next century find man rising from that single pied a terre into more or less sustained aviation?

The flying machine still holding to earth by one wheel has already appeared sporadically in England, according to Engineering. Mr. Philipps published the results of his trial of a machine resting on a light car and claims that he flew, but the front wheel of the car never left the ground. This is quite as it should be. We creep before we walk, we graduate from tricycle to bicycle, and now we are at the unicycle age. Who is the man to lift us finally clear of the earth?

The principle of the balloon, useful as it is in overcoming gravity, has carried generations of inventors into a fool's paradise.

Birds are lighter than beasts, but they are not soap bubbles. And to the bird we have to return indirectly or directly for lessons in the navigation of the air. The aeroplane, in which our able aviators are now reposing so much confidence, but upon which they take care not to repose their own brittle bodies, is the result of a study of the soaring of birds. Latterly it has been reasoned out that individual feathers have a powerful influence in supporting the bird in air. So the aeroplanes are made not solid, but with slats, and in some cases jointed in sections, so that while one portion is in one plane another may be tilted up or down to get the lifting power of a change of angle. This power is so great that our leading aviators, like Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley, expect to obtain great velocities if they can once get their airships under way and under control.

The money spent by these inventors and investigators is mounting to a great sum, but who shall say it is wasted, considering the benefits to accrue? The remark attributed to Giffard when dying, that he would not reveal the secret of his airship because "he thought he saw the air ensanguined by war as the seas have been, and the earth," need not disturb us. If he did say that, he was temporarily in a state of weakness, for the flying machine will do more than anything yet invented to break down the prejudices of one nation for another. Wars are the result of such prejudices carefully inflamed by ambitious men, and while the aviation is not going to stop all wars it will surely reduce them to a minimum.

More important than such machines as Lieutenants Renard and Krebs successfully steered from Meudon to the walls of Paris and back again are the small flying machines developed from the bicycle, which seem now about to make their appearance. The bicycle with electric motor is invented. Now comes the turn of a combination of bicycle and aviator which shall permit the rider to leave earth and skim along for 100 yards or so without detriment to himself or his machine. By way of these inventions will come the discovery, step by step, of means and methods of sustaining flight for longer periods and also the actual training in motion through the air which is now wanting to mankind.

The inventors who are constructing on paper or in actuality great flying machines are like men of an inland race who have for the first time seen a broad piece of water. Before learning to paddle a canoe they are already building a frigate; before understanding the principle of the steam engine they are setting to work to make an ocean steamer. What is wanted is a popular air cycle, an "air safety," to lead the way to larger air wagons with sustained flight. Who will invent one?—New York Times.

An Old Pacific Coast Engine.

Perhaps few of the people know that a very antique engine is lying useless behind the station at Long Beach, Los Angeles county. This engine was used in the early part of the last decade, and when the fireman wanted to put in any fuel the train had to be stopped while the fireman put in wood at the front of the engine, as the door of the furnace is situated there. This engine ran between Los Angeles and Long Beach before the Southern Pacific extended its line to that place. The cars are like street cars of today, only about twice as long. Sometimes the passengers had to get out and push, as the engine was not very strong.—Pasadena Star.

WHEN CORDAGE WENT DOWN.

Graphic Picture of a Thrilling Scene on the New York Stock Exchange.

"No wonder these men die early and suddenly."

The remark came from the lips of a gentleman standing by my side in the gallery of the Stock Exchange on the memorable day when Cordage dragged down men and market.

"True enough," replied his companion as he turned away with a sigh, "I wouldn't go through that strain again for a million!"

The roar of 200 voices welled up from the turbulent mass of men below. Leaning over the rail, I saw men struggling and fighting and gesticulating and shouting and wildly rushing to and fro. Flushed and white faces, arms extended toward heaven as if in despair—fists clinched in imprecation—hands clasped in entreaty. Not singly, but in scores, and in a dozen places at once. Strong men rushed upon these groups and bore down the weak, and all caught at each other's throats as if they would tear money from their vitals.

Dante must have witnessed such a scene as this when he drew his immortal picture of hell. It was as if we peered into a seething lake of fire and brimstone and witnessed the torment and heard the wail of the damned! I turned from the sight with a feeling of faintness and disgust. These were but human wolves rending each other for gold.

And I saw around me other men and women packed four deep in the great gallery. In the faces of many of these was the reflected anguish of some of those below. They clung to the rail for hours, and some had eyes bloodshot with weeping and watching and encircled with dark rings of sleepless nights. There were young men of fashion whose fortunes were involved and who stared honest work in the face as if it were disgraceful death. Tenderly nurtured women, daughters and wives and mothers, whispered excitedly in each other's ears or looked down upon the scene with drawn faces that indicated the terrible suspense.

One bejeweled woman, who had the appearance of one who had just come from some aristocratic function, sat in a chair in the otherwise empty boardroom in a state of collapse. No one paid any attention to her, and as I passed I saw her press her hot eyeballs with her bediamonded hand. And there were men here with lowering brows and revengeful looks and murder in their hearts. Some cursed the names of those who had involved them in ruin, but silent were those who were most to be pitied. These were the victims of speculation.

And many of those who thus suffered in body and mind were really uninjured by the slump in the market. But at that moment many believed this was only the beginning of the end—the forerunner of a grand panic. No man knew where it would end. When cold blooded operators on the floor lose their heads, how can it be expected that investors in the galleries could remain unconcerned? And so it came to pass that in the dread uncertainty of the hour hundreds suffered the pangs of financial ruin who eventually found that they were uninjured.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Remembered the Pins.

Fritz had been ordered by his master to take four horses and a lurry—which is a sort of car much used by coal miners and others who have need of vehicles for the conveyance of very heavy articles—and fetch a steam boiler from a neighboring town. Just as he was about to start his master's wife called him in and said: "Fritz, here's threepence. I want you to bring me a packet of pins, and please don't forget it."

"No, ma'am," said Fritz, and off he started.

Some hours later Fritz came back, drove up to the house, unharnessed the horses, stepped into the house and delivered the small parcel of pins to the lady.

"I say, Fritz," said his master, who was standing at the window, "what have you done with the boiler?"

"Boiler, sir?" answered Fritz. "Donnerwetter, sir. I hope you won't be vexed, but I clean forgot it."—Harper's Young People.

A bill for a commission to regulate telephone charges has been introduced in the New York legislature.

CHILDREN who are puny, pale, weak, or scrofulous, ought to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That builds up both their flesh and their strength. For this, and for purifying the blood, there's nothing in all medicine that can equal the "Discovery."

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages—the "Discovery" is the only *guaranteed* remedy.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.
Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PROBING A HORROR

Coroner's Inquest on the Cold Storage Fire.

ATTEMPT TO FIX RESPONSIBILITY.

Indications That There Were Two Blunders, One Caused the Fire, the Other the Loss of Life—The Firemen Warned of the Danger, but Took No Heed—A Curious Issue of Veracity—Synopsis of the Testimony So Far Given.

CHICAGO, July 18.—"Who was at fault?" That is the question to which the coroner is now trying to find a reply in relation to the fire at the cold storage warehouse on the fair grounds. And the reply is likely, so far as the testimony taken shows, to somewhat scatter the responsibility. That the primary fault was in not completing the tower according to the plans by supplying the "collar" at the end of the boiler iron smoke pipe that would have carried it to the top of the cupola seems to be something that cannot be denied, for it never was finished and it is almost certain that the fire first caught at the top of the cupola.

Regarding the Sacrifice of Life.

That was the cause of the fire. The question of who was responsible for the loss of life is a more difficult one. A building may be constructed so as to be easy to catch fire, may burn to the ground, and no one may lose his life. Certainly no one would have lost his life in the cold storage fire if he had not put it in jeopardy; and that is what seems to have been done in this case. Marshal Murphy swears that when he reached the fire the men were already in the tower seventy feet above the roof of the main building. How they got there he does not say—he did not see. Neither does he say how he got on the main roof himself.

Means of Escape Absent.

But it seems clear that there was no means of escape provided from the tower to the roof of the main building, a thing that good management would have required as a first consideration, especially as the firemen themselves believed the tower to be a trap. When Murphy reached the roof Fitzpatrick, the captain who led his men up into the tower, asked for a twenty-five-foot ladder, its purpose being to enable the firemen to climb to the blaze which they saw at the top of the cupola. The ladder was raised by means of ropes. Shortly after this, according to Murphy's story, there was an explosion and the fire burst out below the men. Then began that terrible series of jumps, each one of which was to a fearful death.

A Curious Clash of a Statements.

Fitzpatrick was terribly wounded by his jump and lay on the roof partly covered by falling timbers from the tower, when somebody rescued him and lowered him to the ground only to die shortly afterward. Who did this? It was a brave deed that is certain. But Chief Swenie and others declare that Lieutenants Barker and Miller, both of the city department, made the rescue. On the other hand Marshal Murphy swears that he and two of the fair fire department did it. Thus a very strange issue of veracity is established as to the one unquestionably heroic deed of the disaster.

What Mr. Burnham Says.

Murphy swore he did not order the men into the tower, and presumes that poor Fitzpatrick did, as the latter had charge of the matter before Murphy arrived on the ground. Director of Works Burnham saw little of the fire. He did not examine the plans of the building, as he could not attend to such details. They were, however, examined by competent men and approved. Alsopp, superintendent of the warehouse, had notified the proprietors that the plan of the smoke funnel should be completed—had done so repeatedly. The company had been forced to burn hard instead of soft coal by the exposition authorities threatening to pull their fires if they did not do so.

THEY SCORNED THE DANGER.

Testimony Given by Employes of the Storage Company.

From the testimony given by William Kruger, fireman, who was next after Fitzpatrick on the tower at a fire on June 17, and also at the fatal disaster, it seems that the firemen were confident of putting the latter out the same way they had put out the former. They did not think of danger from below, and this is corroborated by the testimony of the employes of the storage company. James Anderson, the constructing carpenter employed under the architect at the cold storage building, testified that when the alarm was given he went up into the tower and had his attention called to the fire in the base below the fifth floor. He pulled a board off and saw the inside was on fire. He asked some passing firemen to put a stream there, but was answered with a query of who in —— he was.

J. D. Alsup, supervisor under Architect F. H. Burnham (the designer of the building—not Director of Works Burnham) said he was on the skating rink floor when the fire broke out and when some employes started to go up the tower he ordered them not to do so; he also called to the firemen not to venture into the tower, but was not heeded.

N. N. Donaldson, business manager of the Hercules works, said: "We had just gained the roof when the fire department arrived. Fire Marshal Murphy and Captain Fitzpatrick came up. I told Fitzpatrick that I thought burning embers were falling down the inside of the air shaft and would set fire to the building from top to bottom.

"I said to Fitzpatrick, 'If you will put a hole through the air shaft and insert a hose all these firebrands that are dropping down will be drowned out and the building saved.' He told me to go to ——: that they were putting out the fire. Soon the fire broke out below where the men were. From all I know about it, unless it was done after I left, no ladder or other means of escape was put up. If I remember right the extension ladder was the first on the grounds and the last to be used." Chief Engineer Smith, of the Hercules works, and Bookkeeper Branch gave unimportant testimony, after which the inquest adjourned.

Boody May Inspect the Minutes.

BROOKLYN, July 18.—Judge Moore has granted the motion made in behalf of Mayor Boody to inspect the minutes of the grand jury upon which that body recently made a presentment against him. The judge said that although there was no indictment in the case the charges were so grave that the public should know whether the mayor had done anything for which he deserved to be indicted.

FATAL CROSSING ACCIDENT.

Three Persons Killed on a Network of Tracks at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 16.—Forty-ninth street, at the crossing of the Grand Trunk railroad, was the scene of another accident whereby three lives were lost and many people injured. A Halsted street horse car was run into and hurled thirty feet to one side. It was filled with men and women, forty-six passengers being on board. The dead are Thos. Perkins, Margaret Murphy, and on unidentified boy.

The injured—Mrs. Mary Vanderbeck, face cut and internally injured, very serious; Frank Vanderbeck, her 3-year-old son, body bruised; Jennie Black, of Davidson Station, Mich., scalp cut and lower jaw broken; William Buhlman, left leg broken and back injured; Emma Sanderson, head and face bruised and internally injured; J. P. Smith, skull fractured, left arm broken and internally injured, may die; Mary McA'oon, back and hip bruised and internally injured; Mrs. S. A. Lace, bruised about head, face and body; Celia Mitchell, head and body bruised.

Was a Dangerous Crossing.

The southbound Halsted street car, the open make, was crowded, and men were standing on the footboards. It was in charge of Conductor Frank Barnett and Driver Charles Stahlnecker. At Forty-ninth street is a network of tracks, and the crossing has always been regarded as a dangerous one. A long freight train going west had just passed, and the tower man, George Barnett, had raised the gates. This was taken as a signal that the way was clear, and Stahlnecker whipped up his horses as he started to drive across the tracks. Previously, however, Conductor Barnett had gone ahead, and not able to see the approaching passenger train because of the freight he motioned his driver to go ahead.

Peril Seen When Too Late.

Barnett, in the watch tower, saw the passenger train and realized that a collision was imminent. Yet, as he says, he could do nothing. He at once lowered the gates. But he was too late, for the street car was already on the tracks and the passenger train was only a few feet distant. It was running at a lively rate of speed and crashed into the side of the car. The latter was turned and then was thrown thirty feet through the air. Few of the passengers had any warning of the accident. Those on the footboard nearest the passenger train saw it coming and jumped in time to save themselves.

Frightful Effect of the Crash.

But the majority of those on board were carried with the demolished car and they fell to the ground together, some with badly bruised bodies and others dead. The car, broken into many pieces, buried those who had been riding in it and as the passenger train plunged ahead there were many cries of pain and agony to be heard. The dead were at once taken to the county morgue and the injured were placed in carriages and driven away.

Make Some Brilliant Arrests.

The passenger train was in charge of Conductor John Kern, Engineer E. W. Jones, and Fireman James Campbell. Engineer Jones said he did not see the street car until the horses were in front of the train, and that he could not possibly have stopped in time to avert the accident. Police Captain Ward arrested Engineer Jones, Fireman Campbell, and a man named Henry Hughes, who was riding in the cab of the engine. They will be held at the station until after the coroner's inquest.

EDUCATION IS THEIR THEME.

Congress of Pedagogues Now in Progress at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 18.—The World's Congress Auxiliary is now in its ninth series and those who are present represent every phase of education in this and other countries, being among the most eminent workers in that field. The congresses and those who preside are as follows: Congress of Higher Education, Dr. Henry Wade Rogers; Congress of College and University Students, James B. Reynolds; Congress of University Extension, Professor George Henderson and Professor Nathaniel Butler, Jr.; Congress of College Fraternities, Richard Lee Fearn; Congress of Representative Youth, Rev. F. Frederick Bliss; Congress of Kindergarten Education, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford; Congress of Manual and Art Education, Miss Josephine C. Locke; Congress of Physical Culture, Mrs. Francis W. Parker; Congress of Business Educators, P. R. W. Spencer; Congress of Instructors of the Deaf, Dr. Phillip G. Gillette; Congress of Educators of the Blind, Dr. F. H. Hall; Chautauquan Education, George E. Vincent; Congress of Stenographers and Typewriters, J. L. Bennett; Congress of Social Settlements, Charles Zeublin.

President Bonney formally opened the congress and Bishop Fallows delivered an address of welcome, as did also A. G. Lane, Chicago superintendent of schools. Then the different divisions immediately proceeded to work and papers were read and addresses delivered on all the various subjects embraced in the programme. The attendance is large and the interest in the subjects discussed very great among the many professors, teachers and others now in the city.

Wales Meets a Mishap.

LONDON, July 18.—The Prince of Wales met with an accident which, while it had no serious result, gave him a bad shaking up. While the prince was riding in his private hansom cab through St. James street it collided with a hansom cab that was standing in the carriage rank awaiting a customer. The shock of the collision was so violent that the prince's horse fell, and the prince himself was dashed against the side of his hansom. He was not at all seriously injured. He alighted from the cab and walked the remainder of the distance to Marlborough house, his London residence.

Application for Dempsey's Pardon.

PITTSBURG, July 18.—In the advertising columns of the papers appears a legal notice to the effect that application will be made to the board of pardons at their next meeting on the fourth Tuesday of September, 1893, for the pardon of Hugh F. Dempsey and Robert Beatty, convicted of felonious assault and aggravated assault and battery at the December sessions, 1892.

Scores on the Ball Field.

CHICAGO, July 18.—Following are the base ball scores: At Baltimore—Brooklyn 8, Baltimore 9; at Cleveland—Pittsburg 13, Cleveland 16; at Washington—Philadelphia 1, Washington 7; at New York—Boston 1, New York 4.

Gave Yale About $85,000.

YORK, Pa., July 18.—The will of the late Martin Richelberger, a prominent attorney who died here last week, has been filed for probate. The deceased bequeaths a residue of about $85,000 to Yale university.

TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

Death of the Sioux Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D., July 17.—Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, the head chief of the whole Sioux Nation, dropped dead at Newcastle, Wyo. He and Little Wound left this agency some few weeks ago with a party of sixty Indians to visit their Indian friends, the Crows, at Crow

THE DEAD CHIEFTAIN.

agency. Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses was the most remarkable Indian of all the Sioux, a great friend of the government, as was proved by his actions in the outbreak at this agency in 1890-91, and the late murder of February 18 of the four white men on White river. It was through his assistance that the police arrested the murderers. By his death without any lineal descendants the mantle of chiefship falls to Little Wound.

WILD TALK IN KANSAS.

Extract from the Paper of State Printer Snow.

MARION, Kan., July 17.—If there has been any doubt as to the intentions of the Populist government to reorganize the militia in the interests of the Populists the following extract from the Marion Record, State Printer Snow's paper should set such doubts at rest. The Record says, speaking of the disbanding of four companies of militia which took part in the legislative troubles last winter and the organization of two companies of cavalry:

"We want Artz to go right along as he is going. Don't be caught in last winter's fix. Have men who will obey orders and will have no qualms of riddling the carcasses of those who attempt to tear down a legally elected government. The shooting of a few score Republican scoundrels last winter would have been a blessing to the state and of invaluable service to law and order. But in the hour of need it was found that the state militia was a nest of rebels."

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

Two Burglars Leap to Their Death in the Dark.

ERIE, Pa., July 17.—The little town of Westfield, just over the New York State line, was raided by two desperate burglars. After they had robbed a number of small stores they were discovered in C. J. Bannister's grocery. They were headed off from escape by the night watchmen from the rear and jumped through the glass front. They ran toward Chautauqua creek, and, evidently believing they were to secure the seclusion of a grove, vaulted a low fence. Instead of lighting in a grove they were precipitated to a bed of rocks in the creek, fifty feet below. Their dead bodies were found in the morning. One of the men had his back broken and his skull crushed. A note book in his pocket contained the name "Thomas Fitzgerald, Sandusky, Ohio." His pockets were filled with razors, knives and cigars.

DIED IN A DEATH CLINCH.

Two Men Run Down by a Train While Fighting.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., July 14.—The express train from Springfield, on the New Haven road, struck and instantly killed two men on the track near Pelhamville. They were apparently fighting, as they were seen to strike each other. The engineer blew the whistle repeatedly, reversed his engine and did all he could to stop the train, but to no effect. As the locomotive struck the two men they were clinching and were engaged in a desperate struggle. Their bodies were thrown ahead of the locomotive on the track and the entire train passed over them. Both men were mangled in a horrible manner. It is thought that they were employed on the Mount Vernon public improvements as laborers.

The Boat Capsized.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 17.—Henry C. Bellows of New York was drowned in the bay off Wing's Neck. He was 18 years of age and a son of the late Rev. Dr. Bellows, Unitarian minister. With his brother Robert, 16 years old, Henry was returning from Marion in a new boat which they had just purchased or were about to purchase. On the way over the craft was capsized and Henry was drowned. The Bellows family, consisting of Mrs. Bellows, Henry, Robert and a daughter, were spending the summer at Monument Neck. The body has not been recovered.

Fatal Flash of Lightning.

CAMP DOUGLAS, Wis., July 17.—A severe wind and thunder storm struck the Wisconsin National guard camp and lightning struck in the camp killing George Clary of Darlington and shocking several others, all of whom are recovering. The list of the dead and seriously injured follows. The dead: George Clary. Seriously injured: Hugh Clary, Company F; Harry Clary, Company F; Harry Marshall, Company F; Anton Kemner, Company F; Robert L. Wood; W. J. McMahon, operator; Mrs. Conley, wife of Captain Conley, suffering from nervous prostration.

Molitor Murder Case.

ALPENA, Mich., July 14.—William Repke, who confessed and implicated twelve others in the murder of Albert Molitor at Rogers City in 1875, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out only twenty minutes. Repke, together with the three prisoners who were convicted of the same crime, will probably be sentenced to life imprisonment at Jackson. This makes the fifth conviction in the case.

Struck by a Train and Killed.

WALTHAM, Mass., July 17.—Henry J. White, treasurer of the town of Weston, and his son are at the Waltham hospital, dangerously injured, while his wife lies dead and terribly mangled in consequence of being struck by a train moving at a high speed at the Hastings crossing at Kendal Green.

DISASTER ON THE RAIL.

A Number of People Killed and Injured.

TRAIN WRECKED AT NEWBURGH, N. J.

The West Shore Express Runs Into an Open Switch and Collides with a Freight Train—Terrible Scenes in One of the Cars in Which Every Seat Was Occupied, and Few of the People Escaped Death or Injury.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., July 14.—The West Shore day express No. 1, due here at 12:04 noon, was wrecked in the West Shore yard in the southern part of the city. Six or seven persons were killed and fifteen or twenty injured. Two of the dead had each an arm torn out. The train consisted of engine No. 200, Shelby, engineer, baggage car, three day coaches and a Wagner car. The train was well filled with passengers. Car No. 71, in which nearly all the casualties occurred, had every seat filled. The train was a few minutes late at Cornwall, and made the distance from that place to the southern limits of Newburgh at a very rapid rate. It crossed Quassick creek, a mile south of the station, ran a few rods further, under the Pennsylvania Coal company's bridge, then ran into an open switch into the West Shore yard. In that yard a train was standing ready to pull out into the main track. The day express engine struck the freight engine with terrific force. The engineer jumped, but a little late and was slightly hurt. The fireman also jumped and escaped injury.

Terrible Scenes.

The train crashed through the freight and all the passenger cars were more or less smashed. Day coach No. 71, following the sleeper, had its side torn off and the trucks torn out. The scene in this car was terrible. Several persons were killed outright and nearly all the rest were more or less injured. Those who were able to walk started out on foot for the station and were seen with bruised and bleeding faces making their way painfully and slowly in the hot sun. Mr. William H. Callahan of the Pennsylvania Coal company office force, near the scene, heard the crash, and upon learning the cause, sent word to the central telephone office to notify every physician in the city to go to the scene and within half an hour there were a dozen doctors attending to the wounded. Several clergymen were also present to offer consolation to the severely injured. The dead are as follows: Unknown woman, weighing about 190 pounds; brown hair, wore an open face gold watch and chain; turquois ear drops; had on a blue striped calico dress with white stripe; wore two rings and had on black striped stockings, the stripes going round the leg.

Other Victims.

An unknown woman, aged about 30 years, of medium height and build, inclined to be plump; she wore dark blue clothing, fashionable shoes, high heels, cloth tops. An unknown woman, elderly, with grayish hair; wore a blue satin dress with white and yellow figure, plain white underskirt, black stockings; there was an enlarged joint on the toe of the right foot; there were black mitts on the hands; she wore a silver breast pin, blue enameled, star shaped. A child, 21 months old; the parents, Burnham Elbertson and his wife were both severely injured. An unknown woman, of stout figure, about five feet in hight, broad face, gray hair; wore a spotted calico dress with pink and white spots and blue trimming down the bodice in front, white stockings; evidently a working woman. She was one of the two who had an arm torn off.

Unfortunately in the confusion articles that might have aided in the identification of the dead were separated from the bodies, and it will be impossible to get the names until the coroner shall have made his investigation. However, in a purse was found an envelope, bearing the address "Miss Jane Cooke, 13 Hilliard street, Cambridge, Mass." A railroad pass bore the same name, and visiting cards and other papers also bore the name of Cooke. In another lot was found a library book belonging to the Working Girls' club, of Newark, N. J. On the card in the book was the name, Miss Mary Maylander.

Two More Victims.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., July 14.—Two of those wounded in the West Shore wreck here died in St. Luke's hospital. They were Julia Michel of No. 80 Lee avenue, Brooklyn, whose skull and thigh were fractured, and Charles F. Sistare of New London, Conn., who suffered from fractured ribs and internal injuries. The other wounded passed a comfortable night and in nearly every case marked improvement is noticeable.

TEN THOUSAND MADE IDLE.

All the Plate Glass Factories in the United States Closed.

PITTSBURG, July 14.—For the first time in the history of the trade every plate glass factory in the United States is closed, and that indefinitely. Fully 10,000 men are idle as a result. The depression is attributed to three elements—over-production, a tight money market and the arbitrary methods of the plate glass trust. There are twelve plate glass factories in this country, where a few years ago the entire industry was carried on by two concerns. It has been the custom to operate plate glass factories the year round, notwithstanding the usual summer shut down of the other glass industries. Every plant in the country is now stocked with a large surplus, with no orders. It is the impression that the factories will resume about the middle of September. Many of the glass workers are in straightened circumstances and are entirely dependent upon aid.

Kansas City Bank Failure.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 17.—The National bank of Kansas City, at the southeast corner of Fifth and Delaware streets, has suspended payment and is now in the hands of the comptroller of the currency. The assets, President J. S. Chick said, will be between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 and the liabilities between $800,000 and $1,000,000. He is confident that the depositors will be paid dollar for dollar.

The Arrest of Judge Jenkins.

CHICAGO, July 14.—All persons about the Government building who are in any way connected officially with Judge Jenkins express great regret at his arrest in Milwaukee. In all the discussion which takes place not a word of suspicion is heard, the tenor of the talk being sympathetic and entirely expressive of the great confidence in which the jurist is held.

CONGRESS OF EDUCATORS.

Great Gathering of Notable People at Chicago Art Institute.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Educators will hold forth at the Chicago Art institute for the next two weeks. Every possible phase of education from the kindergarten to the highest points of what may be denominated high culture will be represented and discussed. College professors and college students, the deaf, the dumb and the blind, typewriters and stenographers, physical culturists, business educators, Chautauquans, exponents of mental training, will each and all have their innings. No less than fifteen separate congresses figure in the programme, and as most of these will hold two sessions and in some cases three sessions a day the flow of oratory will be something appalling. The educational congress has attracted to the city the greatest number of notable men and women from different parts of the country that has been seen here in many years. The congresses were formally opened in the morning with a general mass meeting in the Hall of Washington, at which addresses of welcome were made by representatives of the local auxiliary and responded to by visitors. The delegates then separated to their respective conference halls, and the serious business of the week was inaugurated.

The world's youth congress, a gathering made up of the brightest young people between the ages of 12 and 21, and representing schools, academies and colleges throughout this country, and various institutions of learning in England and the Continent, opened in the Hall of Washington shortly after noon with an invocation by Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallows. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Superintendent A. F. Nightingale of the Chicago high schools, A. G. Lane of the general schools of the city, Mrs. Charles Henrotin and C. C. Bonney. Addresses were made by Mary Lowe Dickinson and Emily Huntington Miller, and a poem was read by Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of The Youth's Companion. A number of messages to the congress from governors of various states were then read by Secretary Bliss and loudly applauded.

Crimes and Casualties.

OMAHA, Neb., July 17.—Louis Goldsmith, Jr., who is bartender at his father's saloon in the burnt district, took umbrage because Alfred Patterson, a negro, accosted a white woman in the saloon and killed him. Mrs. Ole Arnson of South Omaha felt bad because she had been drunk and her husband upbraided her. She took morphine and is now at the morgue. William Lawrence was working in a field near Lincoln when a thunder storm came up. He started for the house, but was killed by lightning. Fred Finck of Falls City was stacking hay and the stacker fell on him, killing him almost instantly.

Corbet Not an Art Feature.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Champion James J. Corbett will probably have to go. Such is the tenor of an order sent to the management of the Vienna cafe by the executive committee of the board of directors. The communication did not state this in so many words, but it said the committee did not approve of the change of a natatorium to a pugilistic exhibition. In reply the management pointed out the harmlessness of the exhibition from their point of view. They will appear before the executive committee and it will then be decided whether the exhibition will be allowed to go on or not.

Nearly Killed by a Burglar.

GALENA, Ills., July 17.—Charles Fendl, an aged and wealthy man, was nearly murdered in his house by a burglar. He was awakened by the intruder in his room and grappled with him, but was overpowered, choked and beaten into insensibility. The thief secured a gold watch and $60, but failed to find a lot of valuable papers which were in a secret drawer in the room. The old man lay unconscious until morning. The burglar used a billy and the wounds inflicted may kill his victim. The residence of Christian Stephans was also robbed last night.

Rev. Thomas E. Walsh.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., July 17.—Rev. Father Thomas E. Walsh, for the past twelve years president of Notre Dame university, died of chronic Bright's disease. Father Walsh was 40 years of age, and was vice-president and professor of classics of Notre Dame for several years previous to being elevated to the presidency of the institution.

Jumped from a Train and Killed.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., July 17.—John Cassner, a Washington county farmer, was found dead near Addieville. A large amount in money and notes was found upon the body, and the supposition is that the man jumped from a running passenger train and was killed. He had had domestic trouble and this may have had something to do with his tragic death.

More Bloodshed.

SAIGNON, July 17.—The troubles between the French and Siamese on the Mekong river continue. A body of French marines have captured the forts at Domthane and Tapham on the upper Mekong. The French loss in the assaults was six killed or wounded. The Siamese lost heavily in both engagements.

Two Men Killed.

CHICAGO, July 17.—The premature explosion of a large pyrotechnical bomb at a picnic here killed two men and injured a number of others. Those killed are Richard Marshall and Michael Snow.

Army Bill Passed.

BERLIN, July 15.—The army bill was passed by the reichstag by a majority of 16, the vote standing 201 in favor of the measure to 185 against it.

Big Failure at Denver.

DENVER, Colo., July 17.—Bush and Tabor of the Brown Palace hotel and the Hotel Metropla, have assigned. Assets, $2,200,000; liabilities, $600,000.

Killed in a Bull Fight.

MADRID, July 17.—A banderillero named Lobitto was gored in the bull ring at San Fernando, Isla de Leon, and died half an hour afterwards.

Next Saengerfest at Pittsburg.

CLEVELAND, July 17.—The North American Saengerbund has decided to hold the next saengerfest in Pittsburg, in July 1896.

More Bank Failures.

KANSAS CITY, July 17.—The Bank of Grand avenue and the Missiouri National bank have suspended payment.

Costly Fire at Fresno, Cal.

FRESNO, Cal., July 17.—The Fresno Milling company was destroyed by fire. Loss, $100,000.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Scott Fox was killed in a wreck at Bagley, Mich., caused by cattle being on the track.

John Lyons and Joseph Bisphop were drowned at Stoneboro, Pa., by the capsizing of their boat.

Albert Lewis was shot and killed and Charles Lewis wounded in the climax of a feud with the Yandell family at Princeton, Ky.

The election held at Bedford, Ind., to vote $56,000 subsidy to the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Bedford railroad carried by a majority of 77.

Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in Chautauqua county, Kansas, and many animals have died.

Secretary Hoke Smith is going to make a tour of all the important Indian agencies and will also visit the Yellowstone National park.

City Marshal Morrissey and two desperadoes, Bud Smith and Jim Francis, were killed and four others wounded in a street fight July 4, at Woodbine, Ky.

Grace Reynolds tried to light the chandelier in the Methodist church at Ohio Falls, Ind. It fell, knocking her senseless and igniting her dress. She screamed as she fell, which attracted aid in time to save her life.

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In Spain only one-fourth of the population can read and write.

Ex-Indian Commissioner W. H. Waldby and his wife were seriously injured in a runaway at Adrian, Mich.

Ironwood, Mich., claims injustice is done the city by the reports sent out of typhoid fever raging.

Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, charged with embezzlement, will be tried by court-martial at Mare Island, Cal., July 26.

Corapolis Oil works, near Pittsburg, were destroyed. A slight explosion caused the fire. Several tanks were burned.

A petrified whale 216 feet long has been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3,300 feet above the level of the sea.

The total wealth in the possession of the people of the United States and of foreigners owning property in the territorial limits was estimated in the year 1890 to be about $63,000,000,000.

Hugo Bussee, aged 12, was drowned while bathing at Manitowoc, Wis.

* * *

John Drummett, a farmer living in La Salle county, Ills., was thrown from a carriage and seriously injured.

The 5-year-old daughter of Henry Thompson of La Crosse, Wis., died from burns. She set her clothing on fire with firecrackers.

Dr. R. L. Johnson of Chattanooga, Tenn. was arrested on a charge of manslaughter for giving an overdose of morphine to Chief of Police Mitchell, whom it killed.

Howard Mutchler of Easton, was nominated by the Democrats of the eighth congressional district of Pennsylvania to fill the unexpired term of his father, the late William Mutchler.

During a fire at No. 615 Olive street, St. Louis, fireman bravely rescued Kathleen Riley and her 14-year-old brother.

Kane C. Reiney, a business man of St. Clairsville, O., fell from a train near Union Center, Ind., and was killed.

The city council of Pittsfield, Ill., has offered $100 reward for the arrest and conviction of incendiaries who have lately been at work.

* * *

Robert Larkin, colored, was lynched at Ocala, Fla., for criminally assaulting Fannie Alexander, white.

Manuel Herrich, the would-be desperado who attempted to hold up a Santa Fe train at Guthrie June 29, has been sent to the insane asylum at Jacksonville, Ills.

Company A, Fifth infantry, I. N. G., located at Carlinville, Ills., has been disbanded by Governor Altgeld on the recommendation of the colonel of the regiment.

Harry Tingle, formerly of Lima, O., is raving mad with hydrophobia at Ottawa. He was bitten by a rabid dog twelve years ago.

John Smith of Peoria who abducted Lila Lamkin of Galesburg, has been bound over under bonds of $1,000. The girl is 13 years of age.

Suicides: At Milwaukee, W. G. Cressy, druggist, took poison. At Marion, Ind., Edna Custer, servant, took Morphine. At Willsboro, Ills., Mrs. James Beling took poison. At Winona, Minn., L. Foster, a traveling man, while despondent from drink, took chloral. At Joliet Mrs. Frederick Ryebling's body was found in the river, into which she is supposed to have jumped.

* * *

John Krapp was robbed of $165 while aboard a circus train fifty miles out from Colorado Springs, Colo., and then dumped from the train.

Comptroller Eckles has extended the charter of the First National bank of Lincoln, Ills. The cashier of the bank is Frank Hobbit.

Hattie Silvis, a 16-year-old girl of Cayuga, Ind., disappointed in love, committed suicide by swallowing morphine.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with exanthem. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2688 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 22, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SMALLEY AGONIZED AGAIN.

That snapping turtle of Anglo-American-Tory politics, George W. Smalley, is scandalized because Gladstone has not remained constantly opposed to even a modicum of Irish liberty. Now that the 9th clause of the Home Rule bill has passed by operation of the closure (previous question) long delayed, and that only eighty Irish members are to be retained in the British house of commons, with power to vote on all questions coming before that body, Smalley is still further scandalized. There is no doubt whatever about the policy of Gladstone, since 1867, having destroyed the validity of the Act of Union passed in 1800. The disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal church abrogated the 5th clause of the document—its most binding and important part. The reduction of Irish representation under the recent reapportionment act was still another violation, and the further reduction—by three-and-twenty members—proposed will still further pulverize the infamous measure. Gladstone claims that the reduction of Ireland's population makes a proportionate reduction of representation necessary. But who are responsible for the reduction in population? Certainly not the Irish. The treaty (?) of union expressly declared that the representation of Ireland in the imperial parliament should not fall below 100 members. Now, if Home Rule, when carried, should prove unworkable, because of the Tory amendments placidly accepted by Gladstone, Ireland will have a diminished force to fight her battles with in the alien legislature. The Whigs, alias the Liberals, dread Irish balance of power quite as much as the Tories. They want to reduce it to a minimum. At present they are at the mercy of the Irish. The latter could turn the Whig ministry out tomorrow, and, no doubt, they would not hesitate to do so, if they could make better terms with the Tories. But they cannot. The Whigs bend, like the willow, to every political wind that blows. The Tories stand up against it, like the oak, and nothing but a political cyclone can force them to yield. Their stronghold is in the house of lords, and, within two years, a decisive conflict will occur between that body and the Liberal party. The lords dare not throw out a bill relating exclusively to English interests when passed by the commons; but when it relates to the better government of Ireland that is quite a different matter. There are some honest, well meaning men among the British Radicals, but the two old parties are what the two leading British parties ever have been—insincere, time serving and, frequently, in the words of Daniel O'Connell, "base, bloody and brutal."

THE CITIZEN does not desire to say harsh things of Mr. Gladstone personally. For a British statesman he is progressive, and is not disposed to be mean, except when the exigencies of his party demand that he shall be so. Then he is about as mean as any other professional British politician. Inwardly, THE CITIZEN has no doubt, Mr. Gladstone believes that Ireland would be a much safer neighbor, if left practically independent, like Canada. But he can never get the English people up to that standard of belief. They can never, as a majority, do anything graciously. Gladstone, in his Home Rule bill of 1886, would have excluded the Irish members from Westminster altogether, but England would not hear of it. "It would be dissolving the Union," said Trevelyan and other cabinet associates of Gladstone. Now that a reduced number of Irish members are to be retained, the English are no better satisfied. Nothing can satisfy them. They would rather see Ireland sunk in the sea than treat her with common decency.

The English Liberal party, not the Irish, are the gainers by the new arrangement. They can almost infallibly count on the Irish majority vote in favor of any British reform measures that may be introduced. Yet Smalley, who echoes the English Tory sentiment, wails about their retention thus:

"Mr. Gladstone is not content to give Home Rule to Ireland. He takes it away from Great Britain. This is part of the 'discipline' which the 'pure Scotchman' feels called upon to mete out to the English. It was Mr. Gladstone himself who explained in luminous language that such a plan opened the door wide to political intrigue. That was one of his reasons for rejecting it last February. It ceases to be a reason in July when political intrigue has reached a height never before known in this country. Yet it is certain to be surpassed should this bill or anything like it ever become law. Mr. Chamberlain has summed up in a sentence the true character and the certain consequences of it. 'The issue is whether the interests of Great Britain are to be controlled by delegates from Ireland, nominated by priests, elected by illiterates and subsidized by the enemies of this country.'"

Mr. Chamberlain's statement that the Irish members are elected by "illiterates" is on a par with all that person's previous malignity displayed toward Ireland and the Irish. That a good deal of illiteracy still prevails in Ireland—especially among people of the older generation—cannot be denied, but it is not an Englishman, whose country caused that illiteracy, who is justified in hurling the taunt. Considering that general education has prevailed in Ireland only during the lifetime of two generations, the Irish have made a remarkable educational record, as is fully manifested by the proficiency they have displayed in British civil service examinations. There is more black illiteracy in some of the English mining and manufacturing shires than in the poorest of the Irish counties. To throw a slur at the Irish because some of them still suffer from the evil effects of English anti-educational legislation is the act of a political trickster and coward.

FATHER O'MAHONY ON "IRISH DAY."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that THE CITIZEN does not indorse the subjoined letter from Father O'Mahony, but it publishes it in the spirit of free popular expression. THE CITIZEN thinks that Father O'Mahony is entirely too severe in his strictures on the World's Fair and its management. The Columbian Guards did their full duty during the fatal conflagration of July 10, and suffered their fair share of casualties. In their ranks, the Irish have a strong representation. As to opening the Fair with religious services, the editor of THE CITIZEN thinks the latter out of place everywhere, except in a church, at a grave, or in the home circle. Secular displays of perfunctory piety are not, in general, edifying; and, therefore, the non-Catholic clerics are welcome to their monopoly. We are not aware that Catholic clergymen, of any rank, are ambitious to offer up prayers at otherwise worldly ceremonies. There is too much public prayer clap-trap in this country, anyhow, and the whole thing savors much to us of Praise-God Barebones, and Smite-Satan-Hip-and-Thigh Snookins. Prayer is too sacred a thing to be allied with cant and affectation.

As the Director General of the World's Fair has promised to display the Irish National Flag in a place of honor on Ireland's Day (September 30), and as that flag will float over Administration Building, in company with the Stars and Stripes, there will be a point of interest toward which Father O'Mahony can march, like the rest of us. We hope to see 300,000 Irish people, from all parts of the Union, at the World's Fair on Sept. 30, and THE CITIZEN will leave nothing undone to aid the national, state and county officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in making the Day a grand success, as it deserves to be. All other Irish societies, irrespective of minor differences, should heartily aid National Delegate Wilhere, State Delegate Henely, County Delegate Flanagan, and the patriotic Ancient Order at large in this most worthy undertaking. We know that Col. Francis T. Colby, and the committee appointed to act with him, will do their utmost to this end. Following is Father O'Mahony's letter:

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ills., July 17.—What is the purport of the proposed "Irish Day" at the World's Fair? Is it intended thereby to turn in $20,000 or so to the treasury of the executive and have those gentlemen winking one eye next day at the "Greeney" Irish while keeping a weather eye open to rake in the shekels. The German Day at the Fair was an honor to that people. But they have their own government buildings. Whither shall we march? To the English-Irish Hart Village or to the Scoth-Irish Aberdeen one, to kiss Mayor Harrison's "Blarney stone?" Or shall we seek hospitality in Victoria House—that hornets' nest of spies—or pay to see Victoria's red coats manœuvering in the stock pavilion as if we had not seen enough of them at evictions in Ireland marching with a tread that proclaimed "This land is ours, is ours."

Most of our race in Chicago are Catholic workingmen. The World's Columbian Exposition was started ostensibly to honor the Catholic discoverer of America. Its dedication prayer was said by a non-Catholic preacher. Its opening prayer by a Presbyterian preacher from Washington. Even on the Fourth of July when Ald. Madden had a little hand in the pie some preacher, Tomlins, or Hopkins or Bumpkins, opened the ceremonies by prayer. And ditto on the few half-open Sundays. Imported cheap labor mostly built the Fair structure. When a holocaust to greed was decreed Irishmen were victims in a maelstrom of fire like unto hell. Ten million fairs would not weigh in the balance against one of these noble lives. (None of the Columbian Guards got seriously hurt.) If our Irish people wish to hold high festival during Columbian year, let them fix Sept. 20, the anniversary of the murder of Robert Emmet by England's bloodsuckers, let the march be to some other rendezvous than the Fair, and let the proceeds be given to the Clan-na-Gael Guards and to the Hibernian Rifles, men who give proof tangible of their love for America, and who also yearn to give proof as strong of their love for Ireland. BERNARD E. O'MAHONY.
Pastor Catholic Church.

A VICIOUS VERDICT.

THE CITIZEN thinks that the six coroner's jurymen who held Marshal Murphy and Mr. Burnham, in common with Messrs. Skinner and MacDonald, of the Cold Storage company, for grand jury investigation in connection with the late World's Fair fire, acted stupidly, if not viciously, in the face of the evidence produced before them. Marshal Murphy has saved too many lives, at the risk of his own, to suffer much in public estimation by the action of the coroner's jury. Besides, he did not order the men into the tower—that much has been distinctly proven. If any such order was given, it must have come from the gallant and unfortunate Capt. Fitzpatrick, who is not alive to explain the circumstances which governed his action. Mr. Burnham, it seems to us, successfully proved that he had not been officially notified of the dangerous condition of the burned warehouse. Messrs. Skinner and MacDonald showed themselves entirely too eager to throw discredit on men who tried to do their duty bravely Their uncalled-for reflections on the conduct of Marshal Murphy and Captain Fitzpatrick have not raised them in public estimation.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND QUARRELING

The more or less distinguished correspondent of our daily papers, by name Harold Frederic—very Saxon, or "Anglo-Saxon," sounding—referring to the present "strained relations" existing between France and England, owing to conflicts of interest in Asia, Africa, Newfoundland and elsewhere, affects to say that England patronizes France because she sees "the ashen hue of inevitable death upon her forehead," and much more to the same effect. His object is to impress the public that England does not knock to chip off the shoulder of France, because the latter is an enemy unworthy of serious consideration. All this is mere nonsense. England bears with the snubs of the French republic simply because she knows she dare not go to war with that power. She is afraid of the baleful complications that might follow such an event. Germany is not an ally to be relied upon by Britain, because the young Emperor has no love for the nation over which his grandmother holds sway, and, besides, the Teutonic empire has no desire to make war—at least at present—for a sentiment. The condition of the army is not yet fully satisfactory to that great military power, and a premature war might result in a disaster that would eclipse the glory won at so much cost in the Austrian and French campaigns.

But France, in case of war with England, would be certain to have an active sympathizer, if not an open ally, in Russia, which is, in Asia, a sturdy chick rapidly outgrowing its shell, and tapping it loudly, with ever strengthening beak, on the side of Afghanistan. The great northern power has, apparently, taken its eyes off the Balkan peninsula and the gates of Constantinople, as a highroad to India, and is directing all its energies eastward, where the vast military railroads have been constructed, and where an ever accumulating army is gathering like a deadly storm-cloud, which grows angrier while it delays its bursting. England could not afford to have France and Russia on her hands at once, and while, if Germany took sides, that power might be able to aid her against the Gaul, it would be powerless to check the Muscovite on the Indian frontier.

A war with France would be the most fatal thing that could happen England. The French know full well where England is weak in Europe. They know that Ireland is the key to the military position. They have a splendid navy, quite capable of fighting a great battle with the English ironclads, and furnishing a convoy to a fleet of swift transports that could throw a couple of corps d'armee into Ireland at short notice. It is hardly probable that the Irish would feel called upon to defend their coasts from invasion—England has left them no arms to defend them with—and, besides, the British army would find itself sufficiently employed in looking out for British defenses. In fact, a French invasion would appear anything but a curse to Ireland, under existing conditions. Even if, after trouncing the British, the French should occupy the island permanently, which is not probable, Ireland would be much better off as a French dependency than as an English province. The French are of kindred blood. They are liberal in their sentiments and martial in their tastes, which would greatly suit the Irish. They would recognize the rights of Ireland, and would, no doubt, be satisfied with a nominal supremacy. As conquerors, or colonists, the French have rarely been cruel or exacting. If Ireland were today an independent nation, she would resist the French, or any other invading power, with all her might, but, as between the French and the English, she would be foolish if she did not prefer the former. Much of her military glory is inseparably bound up with the history of France, from the reign of Louis XIV to the end of the career of Napoleon. It was France that, in her darkest hour, gave

—her exiles bread, her priests a home,
Her hopes a station,

and she has not forgotten that it wss England who drove her best and bravest to be the guests and the soldiers of France.

No true Irishman could behold a war between France and England with indifference. All his sympathies, whether active or passive, would be with the former. The Tricolor floating over the Irish hills would be, as a rainbow of hope, promising final deliverance. France kept faith with America and with Italy, when she came to their relief. She would have kept faith with Ireland had she succeeded in the attempted invasion of 1796. Ireland would not be afraid of France. Her alliance with that power might cause a change of language—French instead of English. We would hail the change with pleasure—French and Irish taught in Irish schools instead of all English and no Irish.

Had England treated Ireland with ordinary consideration—with common humanity—had she even granted frankly and heartily Gladstone's proposed Home Rule bill of 1886—Ireland might feel less like welcoming a French invasion of her soil. As it is, we believe she would extend a cordial welcome to the countrymen of St. Ruth, Hoche, Bompart and Humbert.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The Executive Committee of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will meet at McCoy's Hotel, this (Saturday) evening, July 22, at 8 o'clock.

DEATH OF VERY REV. T. E. WALSH, D.D.

Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind., has lost one of the brightest members of its faculty in the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Walsh, who became president of that famous seat of learning in 1881. Dr. Walsh was under treatment for Bright's disease of the kidneys at St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, when he passed away. He was born in Montreal, Canada, May 15, 1853, and received his early education at the College of the Holy Cross, St. Laurent, in the city of his birth. He went to Paris in 1872 and studied in an ecclesiastical college there for three years. In 1875 he was called to South Bend by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, founder of the University of Notre Dame. Aug. 28, 1877, he was ordained by the late Bishop Dwenger, and before the end of the year was called to the vice-presidency of the university; soon afterward he became head of the college. He labored zealously for the university and the elevation of his fellow-men. Under him Notre Dame felt the impulse of a young and progressive spirit and sprang into international fame. His place will be a difficult one to fill. Bishop Spalding of Peoria delivered the sermon, and the Very Rev. Father Corby celebrated solemn high mass at the obsequies last Wednesday. The remains were interred in the community cemetery, near the church, at Notre Dame, Ind.

A Milwaukee dispatch, dated Monday, says: "The body of Dr. Walsh, president of Notre Dame University, was taken to South Bend tonight. Dr. Walsh was spending his vacation at Watertown, Wis., when his condition became such that it was thought best to bring him to St. Mary's. His death will cause general surprise, as few knew his condition was so serious."

Dr. Walsh was a gentleman of fine physical appearance, and was gifted with most attractive manners. While deeply learned he was entirely free from pedantry, and his sunny nature made the literary work of those placed under his charge a veritable labor of love. His loss to the church and to the cause of higher education is incalculable, because he was in the prime of his years, and, apparently, had a long life of usefulness before him. The thousands of young men throughout the world who have benefitted by his zeal, learning and example will sincerely mourn his death, as will, indeed, all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance or who are familiar with his countless good works. *Requiescat in pace.*

OBITUARY.

OWEN MURRAY.

Owen Murray, the well known wholesale and retail business man of this city, died at his residence, No. 3451 Wabash avenue, Saturday afternoon after a lingering illness. Mr. Murray was born in the parish of Trieth, a few miles from Monaghan, Ireland, in 1836. He came to Chicago eighteen years ago, and obtained employment as clerk of the cigar department for the late P. O'Neill, on State street, near Monroe. Being a young man of energy and business ability, he soon advanced and was able to go into business, having secured a controlling interest in a concern at the corner of Harrison and State streets. In 1883 he succeeded Mr. O'Neill in the business where he first obtained employment. His affairs prospered exceedingly and he leaves a considerable fortune. Mr. Murray took an active part in politics, and was always conscientious in the advocacy of his principles. While nominally a Democrat, he was independent in his views, and was a great admirer of James G. Blaine. He married Miss Trainer, a daughter of John Trainer, an old resident of Chicago. His wife died a little over a year ago, leaving one daughter, who is now 10 years old.

Mr. Murray had, probably, more warm personal friends than any man of his age in Chicago. His goodness of heart and amiability of manner were proverbial. Strongly attached to America, he was ever an ardent Irish Nationalist, and loved his native land with romantic devotion. After the death of his wife, he visited Ireland with his warm personal friend, Maj. William C. McClure, and spent a pleasant two months amid the scenes of his early youth. He contributed liberally to the erection of the beautiful new cathedral, recently completed by the right Rev. Bishop Donnelly, of the diocese of Clogher, and was present at its dedication. Subsequently, Mr. Murray and Maj. McClure visited the Continent of Europe. They were accompanied by Miss May Murray and Miss Lillie McKenna, daughter and ward of the lamented subject of this sketch. Mr. Murray was so fondly attached to his wife that her death seemed to have given him a death blow. He was never the same man afterward. A tendency to consumption manifested itself after his return from Europe. Last winter he went to Southern Texes, in the hope that the climate might benefit his health, but it did not, and he came back fully convinced that death was near. Always an ardent Catholic, he fully prepared himself for the inevitable, and was ministered to in his last days by the Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James' Catholic parish, of which Mr. Murray had long been a member. His death was tranquil and painless and edifying, as became a man who had lived an honest life.

The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning. An immense concourse of friends assembled at an early hour, and sorrowfully took a last look at the cold, placid features of him who, in life, was beloved by all who knew him. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, among them being a superb cross, entirely new in design, constructed on what is known as the block plan, and furnished by Gallagher the florist, as were nearly all the other pieces. This cross was the gift of Messrs. William O'Connell, Charles Hannifin, John V. Burke, William Burke and Roger Kehoe, connected with the business house. There was also a beautiful pillow from his daughter, May; a scroll, four feet high, from the Arapahoe club; a harp of exquisite design from Major McClure; a graceful floral lyre, from Miss Lillie McKenna, ward of Mr. Murray; a cross and crown, from Judge Hutchinson; an anchor, from the clerks of the Criminal court and many other pieces.

The pallbearers, who carried the remains, which were encased in a magnificent copper casket, covered with black velvet, to the hearse were the following: Col. Ricard O'S. Burke, Maj. William C. McClure, John C. Schubert, clerk of the Criminal court; Inspector John D. Shea and Capt. Martin Hayes, of the police department; P. M. O'Reilly, Charles Hannifin; David Wall, John V. Burke and John F. Finerty.

The funeral was in charge of Mr. D. B. Quinlan, and all the arrangements were perfect. Delegations were present from the different societies to which Mr. Murray belonged, including Division No. 17, Ancient Order Hibernians; the Catholic Foresters, the Democratic club and other bodies. Over 100 carriages escorted the relics to St. James' church, where requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father McGuire, with the Rev. Father Van Felt as deacon and the Rev. Father McCann as subdeacon. There were also present, within the sanctuary, the Rev. Fathers Henneberry, Carroll, Swanson and McCaffery.

At the conclusion of the mass and prayers for the dead, Father McGuire preached an instructive sermon, dwelling on the certainty of death and recommending immediate and earnest preparation for the dread event which no mortal, however high or humble, could escape, and which might come at any moment, and when least expected. He paid tribute to the virtues which had distinguished Mr. Murray in life, and said that his death was, in the highest sense, that of a Catholic and Christian who resigned himself with the confidence of faith into the hands of his Creator.

Among those present at the obsequies were observed the Hon. William K. Sullivan, the Hon. Philip A. Hoyne, the Hon. Edward F. Dunne, Hon. James Goggin, Inspector Nicholas Hunt, Asst. Supt. Brennan, Capt. Simon O'Donnell, Capt. William Buckley, Hon. John P. Hopkins, John W. Traynor, P. H. Rice, James Maher, Thomas F. Keeley, Eugene Keeley, Thomas H. Cannon, Capt. Thos. Brenan, John E. Dunne, John Bowen, the Hon. Michael McInerney, Jeremiah Clark, James Marvin, P. B. Flannigan, Thomas Finnigan, Martin Mulcahey, William Burke, James Sullivan, Patrick White, James McGarry, Thomas Moran, James Bagley, Jeremiah J. Flynn, Stephen Griffin, Lieut. John Byrne, M. P. Garrity, John Birmingham, Jeremiah Murphy, Miles McFadden, Col. P. J. Hennessy, John Howard, Charles Darrow, Col. P. M. Cleary, James Wallace, Frank D. Kinsella, J. E. Kinsella, Ald. Horan, Hon. Thomas Gahan, Thomas Byrne, Owen Trayner, Charles Trayner and many others.

At the end of Father McGuire's discourse, the body was reconveyed to the hearse, and the long cortege wended its way to Calvary cemetery where all that was mortal of Owen Murray was laid to rest beside his wife in the family lot. The services at the grave were read by the Rev. Father F. S. Henneberry, assisted by Father McCaffrey. The former was the priest who had united Mr. and Mrs. Murray in the bonds of matrimony, and he was very much affected by the remembrance, which was in significant contrast with the grave, beyond which, however, lies the life eternal.

Mr. Murray's late business will be conducted in the future, as it has virtually been for the last few years, by Mr. William O'Connell.

MRS. MARY FOLEY.

The venerable and pious Mrs. Mary Foley died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kate M. Hayes, in Centre, Rolls county, Mo., last Saturday week, of heart disease. Mrs. Foley was born in the town of Donneraile, county Cork, Ireland, in the year 1820, and was 73 years of age. She resided in Chicago almost twenty-seven years. The aged lady was a kind and loving mother, a zealous and devout Christian and an ardent admirer of her native county, and belonged to many religious and charitable societies in this city. Last week her youngest daughter, Sister Mary Bertrand, directress of Dubuque Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M. of Dubuque, Iowa, and her sister, Mrs Mary Clark, visited their mother in Missouri, and were at her bedside when the final summons came. The funeral occurred Wednesday of last week from the residence of Mr. William Foley, her son, No. 465 W. Fifteenth street, to St. Jarlath's church, where solemn requiem high mass was offered for the repose of her soul, as it was also offered by Father Kernan, in St. Paul's church, Centre, Mo., on last Monday week. Father Cox, of St. Jarlath's church, accompanied the cortege to Calvary cemetery, where the final absolutions were pronounced over the remains and the last privileges of the church granted to the deceased. Following were the pallbearers: Edward Wall, Sr., Edward Wall, Jr., John Burns, James Wall, James Walsh and John Hodnett.

M. H. C.

DESCENDANTS OF WOLFE TONE.

Mr. James Benson, an Irish-American, recently called at the office of the *Leinster Leader* in Naas and stated that he had been deputed by Mrs. Kate Maxwell, Brooklyn, granddaughter of Theobald Wolfe Tone, to get published in Ireland a number of interesting records relating to the descendants of her illustrious ancestor and their burial places in America. The documents include, besides the epitaphs on the different monuments which have been erected over their remains, the following interesting account, written by Mrs. Maxwell herself, for publication in Ireland:

"The widow of Theobald Wolfe Tone, her second husband, Thomas Wilson, and her son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone, settled in Georgetown, a suburb of Washington, D. C., after coming to the United States. Thomas Wilson died in 1824, and was buried in the old Presbyterian cemetery in that place. William Tone entered the United States' army as lieutenant, and married, in 1826, the only daughter of the Irish exile, William Sampson, counsellor-at-law. He died in 1828, leaving a daughter, and was buried in the same spot. Matilda Tone Wilson lived until 1849, and was laid at rest between her son and her husband. The Irish-American Union of Washington considered these graves their peculiar care, and visited them, cared for them, and decked them with flowers, until the autumn of 1891, the old cemetery having been sold, it became necessary to remove the remains of those there interred. The ashes of Tone's son, his widow, and her second husband were reverently removed and cared for by this association until taken to Brooklyn, N.Y., to be placed in his granddaughter's lot in Greenwood cemetery. At the same time there were removed to this place the remains of William Sampson, his wife Grace, and daughter Catherine Anne Tone. The exile, William Sampson, on account of his talents and character gained friends and reputation in his adopted country, and when he came to die in 1835, was laid at rest in the family ground of his most intimate friend, Richard Ricker, recorder of New York city. His wife was laid beside him in 1855, and in 1864 his daughter. On Oct. 31, 1891, the eve of All Saints' Day, in the presence of their descendants and of the widow and family of the patriot, John Mitchel, their ashes were reinterred with the services of the Protestant Episcopal church. The same monuments and stones were again erected over their graves."

The living descendants of Theobald Wolfe Tone are a granddaughter, her seven children, and six grandchildren.

PERSONAL.

Among the passengers from New York to Queenstown, by the steamship Urania, which left this port on Saturday, July 15, was our esteemed fellow-countryman, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, who is paying a visit to his native land, partly on family affairs, but mainly to obtain a "last glimpse" of that Erin of which he has always shown himself to be a true son. Mr. Russell's absence from America will temporarily deprive the "Irish Language Schools" here of the active and unwearied service of one of their most zealous supporters. But, as there is, in nature, a compensation for every deprivation, we may trust that, on his return to the United States, Mr. Russell will come, like the Titans of old, reinvigorated by contact with his mother-earth, and with fresh stores of Gaelic literature, to forward and strengthen the advancement of the old language, of which he is so devoted a champion.—*Irish-American.*

GRAVE OF WOLFE TONE.

Bodenstown Churchyard Visited by a Mighty Concourse of Irish Nationalists Who Do Honor to the Hero-Martyr of 1798.

Fearless National Sentiments Expressed by Messrs. J. L. Carew, Joseph Doyle and Other Patriotic Irishmen.

The anniversary of Wolfe Tone's birth was celebrated at Bodenstown churchyard, Sunday, June 25. There was a very large attendance, and not for a number of years has the occurrence brought together such a crowd as that which assembled yesterday to pay a tribute to the memory of one of the most sterling of the many patriots who sacrificed their lives in defense of Ireland's cause. The residents of the surrounding districts were present in strong force, and the number who journeyed from Dublin by the two special trains must have been close on a couple of thousands. Indeed so great was the anxiety of Nationalists from this city to take advantage of the specia train arrangements that it was very difficult for those who wished to visit the sacred spot, and many from Lucan and Clondalkin were obliged on account of the throng to forego their intended journey. The Young Ireland League had taken every opportunity for making the demonstration one of the most successful that has yet been held, and that they succeeded was amply shown by the thousands who made their way to Bodenstown churchyard. The weather was everything that could have been desired, and if any complaints were at all possible it must have been in regard to the excessive heat. It is to be regretted that some of those who visited the place, in their desire to carry away some token of remembrance of the great Irishman, interfered with the stone which covers the grave by hewing away a large portion of it. Their action certainly was the result of thoughtlessness, but it could scarcely be condemned in too strong terms, especially as another slab was dealt with in a similar way until there was none of it left. A number of wreaths were placed on the grave by, among others, the Young Ireland League, Isles os the Sea Gaelic Athletic Association, the ladies of Caragh and Digby Bridge, and the Celbridge band. The Henry Grattan G. A. A. wreath, which was a very handsome one, had the following inscription: "From the Henry Grattan G. A. A. Celbridge. Tone, the dream of thy life is at last waking over us; then freely we'll stand on the green isle that bore us." On the reverse side were the lines from Moore's poem:

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by one patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame."

The bands present included Bray Emmet Independents, the Wolfe Tone Fife and Drum band, the Lucan Brass band, St Mary's (Lucan) Fife and Drum band, the Finglass Brass band, the Grattan Volunteer band and the Naas Labor Union band.

Mr. J. L. Carew, having been called upon to preside, was warmly cheered. He said his thanks in the first place were due to the Young Ireland League, who had conferred upon him the greatest and most distinguished honor that he had received in his lifetime by asking him to preside at the celebration of the birth of one of the most true and earnest patriots who had ever breathed the breath of life. He could have wished that the duty had fallen to worthier hands.

A Voice—We couldn't have better.

Mr. Carew—He would not stand between the meeting and Mr. Dovle, a member of the Young Ireland League, whose duty it was to deliver the oration to the memory of Theobald Wolfe Tone. They in Kildare were proud that that distinguished and great patriot had been born among them, and that his ashes now lie in Bodenstown churchyard. Not one in the long list of Irish patriots had made such sacrifices as Wolfe Tone had made for his country. (Cheers.) He gave up his family, wife and children all for Ireland. Other men had unquestionably made sacrifices, but he had forfeited his life in a glorious effort to free his country. The keynote of his whole existence was to make Ireland a nation, and he died breathing the words "Ireland a nation" on his lips. (Cheers.) The speaker concluded by calling upon Mr. Doyle to deliver his discourse.

Mr. Joseph Doyle then proceeded with his address, in the course of which he gave a vivid description of Wolfe Tone's career. Having explained the position of the country at the time that Tone commenced his struggle against England, and the condition of the Catholics, the speaker described the designs and means of the great Irishman, which were to subvert the tyranny of an execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, to assert the independence of his country, to unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, Dissenter. It was a great pity that the autobiography and pamphlets of Wolfe Tone could not be produced in such a form as would enable the public to study his career and the objects of his life. The speaker went on at length to deal with the action of Tone, commencing with his visit to Belfast and the founding of the first club of United Irishmen in 1791, and the subsequent founding of a club in Dublin, his appointment as secretary of the Catholic committee, and his labors in that position; his departure for America and his subsequent visits to France, which resulted in the fitting out of fleets by that government for the freedom of Ireland from the tyranical yoke of England. Mr. Doyle gave a graphic account of these expeditions and their failures, and narrated the story of Wolfe Tone's capture, imprisonment and sad death in prison. Although he did not succeed in the immediate objects at which he aimed, there was no question that his life was not a failure, for he served to keep before the Irish people an example of independence, an example of firmness and his career was a light which would guide them to that goal which if they were only true to themselves they would one day reach. (Cheers.)

Mr. John Murphy, Clontarf, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Doyle for the eloquent address which they had just listened to. He did so with the utmost pleasure, and all he would do at present was to impress upon those assembled there that day the absolute necessity of studying the life of Wolfe Tone and the other patriots who had given their lives in the service of Ireland. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Lynch, in seconding the vote, said that it was creditable to the Young Ireland League to find them doing such honor to Wolfe Tone.

Mr. Doyle having briefly replied.

Mr. Barden proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. Mr. Carew was well known to them all. They had tried him, and he believed they could trust him. (Cheers.)

A Voice—We'll have him in parliament again.

Mr. Barden was proud to see such a demonstration at Wolfe Tone's grave—at the grave of one of the grandest men that Ireland had ever produced. (Cheers.)

Mr. David Fagan, in seconding the vote, said that Mr. Carew deserved well of Kildare, and he was sure the Young Ireland League was thankful for his having consented to preside. He hoped the celebration of the birth of Wolfe Tone would increase year by year until 1898 when they would have a magnificent demonstration. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Dixon, in supporting the vote, said they all agreed with Mr. Carew that it was an honor for any Irishman to preside at the anniversary and do honor to the principles of Wolfe Tone. At a time when conciliation with England was spoken of it was the habit among some Irishmen to esch w any reference to Wolfe Tone, Mitchel, Kickham or others who had suffered so much for their country. He characterized such people as contemptible in every shape and form. Unfortunately it was their lot in Ireland to have schools in which the history of Ireland was not taught, and the result of this was that children grew up without being made acquainted with the struggles for freedom which had been made by their forefathers. The only way people can hope to do anything for Ireland is by aiding a correct knowledge of every National movement that has existed for the last hundred years. By that knowledge only could they guard against the errors of the past. By that knowledge they could crush the perpetual cant and fraud with which every movement had been frustrated. He was glad that Mr. Carew, who was so well identified with Kildare, had consented to preside at their meeting. He hoped that they would come in large numbers at every future anniversary, and make the celebration worthy of the great patriot whose memory deserved to be kept green among them. (Cheers.) The suggestion that Wolfe Tone's autobigraphy and letters should be published in a cheap form was a very good one, for it would give every one an opportunity of understanding the great efforts he had made to free his country from British thraldom. (Cheers.)

The vote was passed by acclamation.

Mr. Carew, in reply, expressed his thanks for the hearty manner in which they had passed the vote of thanks to him. He should ever prize the honor that was done him as one of the greatest that could be conferred on any loyal worker in the National ranks. He had tried to do his duty in the past, and he would endeavor to do it in the future. (Cheers.) He could not do better than try to imitate the example of him whose ashes lay close by. He had said previously that he had hoped some one more worthy should have been found to fill the chair. (No, no.) He had mentioned an incident that occurred in connection with Wolfe Tone's grave some twenty years ago. They were all aware of the work which had been done by John Redmond in that district. (Cheers for Mr. Redmond.) He (Mr. Redmond) cherished a warm feeling for Wolfe Tone, and it was not generally known that when he was a student in Clongowes college he came frequently to the grave, and noticing that it required very badly to be repaired he started a collection among his comrades in the college for the purpose. He (Mr. Carew) had hoped that Mr. Redmond would have been able to be present that day, but duty required his presence in another's place, where he was engaged fighting for the principles which he had learned from Wolfe Tone. The merits of the great patriot had been sufficiently dwelt upon by Mr. Doyle. He (Mr. Carew) said in the last speech that they would vindicate the memory of Wolfe Tone, but he could say now that it had been vindicated. None in the long line of Irish patriots had done so much by his example and self-sacrifice as Wolfe Tone. A new book, "The Memoirs of Wolfe Tone," had been published by Mr. Barry O'Brien, and it was to be hoped that this would be brought out in a cheap edition, and it should be read and digested by all who love their country. They would see that Wolfe Tone initiated the principles of independence which they were advocating at the present time. That was the only path to National liberty.

Mr. Carew said he did not want in the course of any remarks he might make to offend any one, but this he would say—that for Ireland the path of independence was the only path of honor, safety and success. (Loud cheers.)

A vote of thanks having been passed to the bands for their attendance, the meeting separated.—*Irish Independent, June 26.*

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 29, A. O. H., held in Pullman, July 6, after very feeling remarks by some of the members, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Division has learned with heartfelt regret that Almighty God in His wisdom has seen fit to remove from his earthly labors the Rev. John J. Waldron, our first chaplain and founder of Holy Rosary parish: therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of Div. 29 extend their sincere sympathy to his relatives and many friends, in this and St. Luke's parish, where he has by his unceasing labor in the cause of religion earned the respect of the whole community.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes and published in THE CITIZEN.

P. J. TULLY, THOMAS MARKEY, P. J. O'REILLY, Committee.

GAELIC GAMES.

The usual Sunday games of the Gaelic Athletic Association were held Sunday afternoon at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. The programme consisted of two football matches, the latter of which was interesting and the first highly exciting. A fairly large crowd of spectators was present. In the first game the Grattans and the Shamrocks were the contestants. It was expected that the Grattans would give the Shamrocks a close run, but the result showed that the rushing tactics of the Shamrocks, which were not at all times strictly fair, were too much for them. When the leather was thrown in the Shamrocks appropriated it and invading the Grattan's territory soon scored a point. The Grattans returned the visit, but failed to score. The Shamrocks rushed the ball back and, their opponents forfeiting, were awarded a free kick which Wat Powers struck, failing to score. Eggney, however, scored immediately afterward. For the rest of the half hour the Grattans were mostly on the defensive, Gallagher, Powers and Barry adding a point each to the Shamrocks' tally. A Shamrock player named Buckley was ordered out of the game by the referee for striking an opponent.

On the resumption of play the Shamrocks again became aggressive, and Wat Powers scored a point. The Grattans were awarded a free kick, which Gannon struck, but were immediately after compelled to defend their goal from a vigorous onslaught of the Shamrocks. Twice Fleming saved the goal, but Eggney finally kicked a point high over the cross bar. The Grattans again invaded the Shamrocks' end of the field, but Gallagher, of the latter club, secured the sphere and without reprimand from the referee took the ball under his arm, Rugby style, and running half the length of the field passed it to Barry, who scored a point. Powers scored two more points and a goal before the conclusion of the game, the result then being: Shamrocks, 1 goal 11 points; Grattans, nothing. The Grattans were much handicapped by the loss of some of their best players. McCarroll, Dorgan and Ahern were disabled and compelled to retire from the game. John Furlong, of the Davitts, was referee. The teams were:

Shamrocks—D. Corbett, goal; Burke, Hall, Buckley, half backs; Lyons, Crane, W. Barry, quarter backs; Gallagher, Eggney, right wing; Geary, McGuire, left wing; W. Powers, Ryan, P. Barry, center; Burke, Ryan, M. Powers, forwards.

Grattans—T. Fleming, goal; J. E. G. Ryan, McCarroll, Conway, half backs; Kelley, Ahern, Syron, quarter backs; Walsh, Devitt, right wing; O'Brien, McGlynn, left wing; Clarke, Chambers, Quinn, center; Garrity, Gannon, Dorgan, forwards.

The next game was between the Wolfe Tones and the Liberators, and was a much quieter match than the preceding one. It was expected that the Wolfe Tones would win an easy victory, but the Liberators made a much better defense than was anticipated. During the first half hour they defended their goal well, and the Tones only succeeded in scoring three points. During the early part of the second half they played a good game also, but toward the close of the game their backs became totally demoralized, and the Wolfe Tones scored rapidly. At the conclusion the referee announced the result as 1 goal and 9 points to nothing in favor of the Wolfe Tones. Michael O'C. Roche, of the Emmets, was referee. The teams were:

Wolfe Tones—Powers, goal; M. Moriarty, Kelleher, Donovan, half backs; Fitzgerald, Williams, Hannatin, quarter backs; Moriarty, Burke, Healy, center; McGrath, Duffy, right wing; P. Golden, P. Sheehan, left wing; Coffey, Duffy, James Sheehan, forwards.

Liberators—Foley, goal; J. Sheehan, M. Sheehan, Capt. Verdon, half backs; Slattery, McArdle, Murtha, quarter backs; Fay, Hanlon, Favier, center; Moynihan, D. Moriarty, right wing; Hancock, Brown, left wing; D. Moriarty, J. Sheehan, P. golden, forwards.

Beginning next Sunday the games of the Gaelic Association will be played under the schedule as rearranged. This has been done to prevent the occurrence of the one-sided games of hurling and football which have been a feature from the opening of the season.—*Herald, July 17.*

TO MISS JOSEPHINE M. SULLIVAN.

BY WILLARD W. GREGG.

Harp of the Emerald Isle, thy cadence swells
Beneath a master's fingers, and we see,
Roused by the magic touch, the mighty dead.
MacMurrough grim, in all his panoply,
Leads on the charge in Norman Henry's train;
Here Breffni stands, the Sassenach's scourge and dread;
The Red Branch Knights are risen from the dead.
And Grattan and O'Connell speak again:
Sarsfield and Wolfe Tone lead on their hosts:
And, crowning all with shamrock fresh and green,
(Despite the Saxon's unavailing boasts),
The latest Irish minstrel, Moore, is seen.

* * * * *

What mem'ries throng, when at the master's touch
Rings forth the "Minstrel Boy": and then a tone
Of sadness comes, and o'er the trembling strings
The sweet "Last Rose of Summer" soft doth moan.
"The gifted daughter of an illustrious sire,"—
The words are true, and yet 'twere better said:
"The worthy child of minstrels world-renowned
Who, hearing thee, would hail thee from the dead."

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.

MY MAUREEN

BY J. H. RYAN.

Can't you cease that constant knitting
Dear Maureen?
Don't you see me lonesome sitting
Here Maureen?
Why I think its very shocking
To sit mending there that stocking,
In your chair forever rocking,
Fair Maureen.

You are very sweet and artless
Sweet Maureen,
Tho' I sometimes think you heartless
Sweet Maureen;
For the sweet air you are lilting
Sets my poor young heart a-tilting,
Yet I don't believe you're jilting
Me, Maureen.

I've a big rent in my aching breast
Maureen,
And your dear hands can mend it best
Maureen.
Just a look from you would thrill me,
And your smile with joy can fill me,
But your angry word would kill me
Dear Maureen.

Never mind the knitting's falling
My Maureen,
Never mind your mother's calling
My Maureen:
For my heart you've healed forever,
Love like ours time cannot sever,
And my star of love shall ever
Be Maureen.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

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IRISH

National Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County, at

OGDEN GROVE,

ON

TUESDAY, AUG. 15,

Being the 295th Anniversary of Hugh O'Neill's Great Victory Over the English at the Yellow Ford! and the Seventeenth Annual Celebration of that Glorious Battle in Chicago.

The Chief Orators of the occasion will be the HON. JOHN E. FITZGERALD, of Boston, Mass., and the HON. T. B. MINIHAN, of Omaha, Neb. Local speakers will also address the meeting. Grand Display of Fireworks in the Evening. Further particulars will be given hereafter.

TICKETS, 50 CTS
Sold Only at the Gate.

JOHN F. FINERTY, President.
DANIEL O'CONNOR, Vice-President.
JOHN DOWLING, Cor. Sec'y.
T. F. McCARTHY, Rec. Sec'y.
WILLIAM GAVIN, Treasurer.

First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.
Statement of Condition July 12, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts	$16,984,895.37	
Bank building and other real estate	650,000.00	
U. S. bonds (par value)	95,750.00	
Other bonds	1,302,042.90	
Premiums paid	7,904.40	
CASH RESOURCES:		
Due from banks (Eastern Exchange)	$3,286,229.42	
Checks for Clearing House	1,048,221.42	
Cash on hand	5,363,207.84	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	47,250.00—	9,964,908.60
		$29,295,201.35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	812,798.46
Dividends unpaid	4,095.00
Deposits	22,778,397.89
	$29,295,201.35

OFFICERS:
LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HODE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS:
Sam'l M. Nickerson, E. F. Lawrence,
S. W. Allerton, F. D. Gray,
Norman B. Ream, Nelson Morris,
R. C. Nickerson, L. J. Gage,
Eugene S. Pike, A. A. Carpenter,
James B. Forgan.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK
At the Close of Business July 12, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 4,907,235.09
Overdrafts		14,580.97
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		314,962.82
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$2,674,324.33	
Due from banks	1,683,668.17	
Checks for clearings	302,307.49	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	49,250.00	
		4,710,786.99
Total		$9,999,105.56

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	109,389.55
Dividends unpaid	105.00
Bank Notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$8,184,600.46
Due Banks	659,410.59
	8,844,011.01
Total	$9,999,105.56

DIRECTORS:
F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, ADOLPH LOEB,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

$300

JUNE'S NOONDAY.

Roses white and roses red,
Rose vines tangled overhead;
June her floral treasures flings,
While above a robin sings.

Drowsy bees hang on the rose,
Silently the river flows;
[illegible]ated is the air, and high
[illegible]es a swallow in the sky.

Love knocks at my lady's bower;
Comes he with the regal flower;
Cries he, "Rouse ye, and away;
Know ye not 'tis roses' day?"
Albert Hardy in New England Magazine.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL.

The murder of old Mr. Weathercraft created the usual nine days' sensation, which died away temporarily at least on the committal of James Thompson, the deceased's butler, to take his trial for the crime. The case could not come on in the ordinary course of events for four or five months at nearest, so the public, having taken the learned opinions of the various newspapers, entered a unanimous verdict of guilty against the accused and turned its attention to other matters. The law officers were to be trusted to do their duty at the appointed time, and the papers would, of course, make things as amusing as possible when the time came, so James Thompson languished in his cell, forgotten, save by those officially interested in introducing him to the awful majesty of the law.

Vox populi, vox dei! Let us follow the example of the sovereign people and leave old James in his solitary cell while we give a short account of Mr. Weathercraft and his melancholy end.

He was a man of 60 or thereabouts, a retired stockbroker, rich, and of good standing in the community, living in a well appointed house, with a large staff of servants, much given to quiet hospitality, and since his retirement paying more attention to his kitchen and wine cellar than to the fluctuations of the market and the gambolling (save the mark) of bulls and bears. An old housekeeper presided over his establishment, and next to her in importance came the butler, almost as old both in age and time of service, he whom we have just left waiting trial for the murder of his master.

It would have been difficult to point out any particularity about Mr. Weathercraft, anything to distinguish him from other hale, genial old bachelors of the same class. He was commonly supposed to have no eccentricities, no hobbies and a few strong opinions; in fact, those who knew him said he was only a crank on one subject.

To be called a crank is the penalty nowadays for holding and airing an opinion in which at least nine-tenths of the community do not concur.

Mr. Weathercraft was what may be called a circumstantial evidence crank.

He held indirect evidence in the deepest distrust, and though as firm a believer in hanging for murder as any criminal lawyer on or off the bench, yet held that no evidence save that of reputable eyewitnesses should send a man to the gallows.

On this cheerful topic he was much given to after dinner discourses, nor was his rather halting style unknown to the correspondents' columns of the daily papers. He was known to have written a magazine article on the subject, which, however, never saw the light, though it spent a whole year making the rounds of the magazine offices. Such is the blindness of the editorial mind. His "Letters to the Editor" got him interviewed once or twice when newspapers were very hard up for copy. He enjoyed the process hugely and always asked the reporter to "call" again.

When the old man was dead and his butler arrested, people said it was a clear case of Nemesis that the evidence against his slayer should be so conclusive and at the same time so purely circumstantial, and some wag of a reporter was heard to wonder whether after Thompson's trial, conviction and execution old Weathercraft's ghost would address ghostly denunciation to ghostly newspapers from mere force of habit or would sulk in a corner of ghostland and refused to be interviewed. The case indeed seemed clear enough. Weathercraft had gone to bed on the 19th of November well and in good spirits. On the following morning he was found dead, stabbed to the heart. The weapon which was found buried in the old man's heart was an old fashioned silver skewer, part of the family plate, and had clearly been sharpened for its deadly purpose. The sharpening seemed to have been done with a file or some such rough implement. There was very little external hemorrhage, only a few drops of blood being visible.

The last person who saw the master alive was the accused himself. According to his story, he had gone up to Mr. Weathercraft's room with the plate chest, it being the old man's habit to keep the silver in his own room at night, though the key was left with the housekeeper after the chest had been locked up. This had been the custom in the house for many years. His master was in bed reading a novel and said "good night" in his usual way. Mr. Weathercraft never locked his door at night as the footman was expected to come in at 8 o'clock in the morning, fill the bath and light the fire.

This was all the accused could or would say beyond denying all knowledge of how his master had come to his death.

The footman, on being examined, testified to having found the body. He had entered as usual at 8 o'clock, scarcely waiting to knock, and had made arrangements for his master's toilet, thinking him asleep. Mr. Weathercraft was a heavy sleeper, but usually awoke when the bath was being filled. As his master did not move, the witness went to the bedside, and to use the poor fellow's own expression, "As I hope for mercy, sir, the face was the face of a dead corpse." This witness further added that the bed was but little disordered, the lamp was out, and the novel lay open on its face on the floor. He did not remove the skewer or attempt to do so, but ran and told the housekeeper, who sent him for the police.

The housekeeper being summoned identified the skewer as part of the usual contents of the plate chest, which led to the recall of the butler, who, being asked whether he had counted the silver on the night of the murder, answered in the affirmative, but, being pressed, admitted that he did not often count the silver that was not in everyday use. Then finally, as if divining at length his real position, he broke down, calling on God to strike him dead if he knew anything about his old master's murder, and was led aside after saying it was a judgment on him for "leaving the silver uncounted."

The strongest evidence against the accused was found when a search was made in his room. It looked as if old Thompson must have been almost mad to have left so many mute witnesses against himself. In a tall vase on the mantelpiece was found a cheap file, which, when examined by an expert, proved to have small particles of silver still adhering to it. On a ledge in the chimney was Mr. Weathercraft's purse, containing $45 in notes and some change. Finally, at the side of the coverlet, rather more than half way down toward the foot of the bed, were discovered three distinct stains, which expert evidence asserted to be blood stains, and seemed to have been left by a human right hand.

If motive were wanted for the crime, Mr. Weathercraft's will seemed to offer it. The will had been drawn up for some months previously and witnessed by the two men servants, the last clause consisting of a bequest of $10,000 to the accused himself. It seemed possible that Thompson knew of this bequest and that he had perpetrated this awful crime in order to benefit by it the sooner.

It is not surprising in the face of all the evidence that James Thompson was fully committed to take his trial for willful murder of his deceased master, so that public opinion almost unanimously condemned him in advance.

During the four months that elapsed between the arrest and the trial James Thompson sat despairing in his cell. He spoke but little, answering his lawyer apathetically, throwing no new light on the case, but continuing to deny everything. He seemed like one in a hopeless maze, who can't exactly understand how he got there and has given up all hopes of ever getting out.

As we have said before, the public was tolerably unanimous in believing him guilty, though, strange to say, there was one notable exception. His lawyer, a sharp criminal practitioner, who had taken up the case with his eye fixed on the $10,000, almost believed him innocent—we say almost, for Mr. Sharply made a point of never allowing himself to quite believe anything of anybody. Mr. Sharply, as a rule, almost believed his client guilty; in the present instance he almost believed him innocent, and that was all.

Indeed there was something pathetic in the puzzled expression which never left the old man's face, and his occasional remark, with a melancholy shake of the head, "It was all along of me leaving my siller uncounted." Mr. Sharply, who was practical even in his softer moods, once expressed an opinion to his partner in the privacy of their inner office that "if the old fellow would only get off that tommy rot about the siller to the jury, they would bring him in insane without leaving the box."

But if the lawyer believed or half believed his client innocent, he found it difficult to offer even to himself any reason for the half faith that was in him, and it was with the worst forebodings that he saw the day of trial dawn at last.

The case was called, and Sharply did his best, but there was indeed very little to be done. There is an end to all things, even things legal, an end to challenges, an end to exceptions asked and taken. The judge delivered his charge, and the jury left the box. It is supposed that they did this as a compliment to Mr. Sharply, who was always popular with juries. At all events they soon filed back again with a verdict of "guilty as charged in the indictment." Old Thompson was formally condemned to death.

He was led back to his cell, where his lawyer visited him and tried to cheer him up by talking of "stays" and "appeals." He recommended him to make himself comfortable, explaining that by the grace of God and the laws of the state he had still a couple of years or so to live, unless things went very badly.

But the old man shook his head and said "No!" He had been condemned to death and the sooner he died the better. He didn't want any more palavering about it since it was all along of that "siller" he had left uncounted. In vain Sharply pointed out that uncounted siller was not a hanging matter. Old Thompson was firm, and the lawyer departed not altogether without hope and demanded a commission to inquire into his client's sanity.

The doctors came in due time and examined the prisoner. Then they talked it over among themselves and decided that, though he was certainly a little odd, he had sense enough to hang satisfactorily and handed in their report in that sense.

So old Thompson was told that he had nothing further to hope for in this world and sat down to wait through the months which the wisdom rather than the mercy of the law ordains shall elapse between a condemned man's sentence and execution. And here we must leave him while we pay a visit at the office of Mr. Fogey, the late Mr. Weathercraft's lawyer and confidential man of business.

It was Monday morning, just six months after Mr. Weathercraft's death. Mr. Fogey was busy, but when his clerk entered and handed him a card he glanced at it and ordered the visitor to be admitted.

The card bore the name of Mr. C. T. Lacey, and underneath, "on business connected with the late George Weathercraft's estate." He was just acquainted with Mr. Lacey and knew him to be a very old friend of his deceased client, but he was at a loss to divine the reason of his visit. The lawyer rose as his visitor entered, and motioning him to a chair asked how he could serve him, to which Mr. Lacey replied by producing a packet from his pocket and laying it down on the table in front of Mr. Fogey. Then he sat down and began:

"Mr. Fogey," he said, "I have come here today in obedience to a request of poor, dear Weathercraft. There is a packet which he gave me some six months or more before he was murdered, asking me to give it to you or your successor exactly six months after his death. The time is up today, and here I am."

The lawyer took the packet. It was a tolerably thick one, inclosed in a long business envelope. He turned it over in his hand and then remarked:

"I am not sure, Mr. Lacey, whether in view of his strange and sudden end you should not have had this examined before."

"Probably you are right from a legal point of view," replied the visitor, "but I promised, you see, and I didn't see any reason in the manner of his death for breaking my promise. If it had been suicide, now it might have been different, but as it was I thought I had better wait."

"Well, I suppose you are right from your point of view," said Mr. Fogey as he slit the envelope methodically along the top edge and opened the package. It contained a foolscap paper wrapped around 10 United States notes, each for $1,000. He counted the notes, and laying them down opened the paper and read without comment, while Mr. Lacey listened in silent attention:

16 WASHINGTON AVENUE, April 26, 18—.

DEAR FOGEY—I must begin by apologizing for committing the letter to Lacey's charge rather than to yours, as might have seemed more natural. But I have thought that as a lawyer you might feel it your duty to make its contents known before the appointed time. At all events you would have found yourself in a trying and difficult position. By obeying me you would possibly, as a lawyer, incur censure. By opening the letter before the time you would defeat all my plans and hopes, so I shall hand this to Lacey in trust for you and beg you to forgive me.

I am confident when you read this I shall have been dead six months, murdered—for so the law has doubtless decided—by old James, my butler, with a skewer, part of the silver committed to his charge.

There will not have been wanting abundant evidence legally conclusive against my murderer or even motive for his deed. I may therefore suppose that by the time you read this he has been condemned and sentenced, but not executed, since the law requires an interval between sentence and execution.

The legacy left him in my will, besides supplying possible motive for his crime and enhancing its heinousness, has probably furnished him means for proper defense on his trial. Yet in spite of this he has been convicted and sentenced. Is it not so?

And now to explain everything, to make the dark clear and the crooked straight.

On the 19th of November last I committed suicide, having previously arranged that everything should point clearly to the guilt of James, my butler. I secreted the skewer, I sharpened it with a file and placed the file in Thompson's room. I stained his coverlet with blood, my blood, for it came from a cut on my finger. I hid my purse in his chimney, and finally, on the night of Nov. 19, I committed suicide by stabbing myself to the heart.

And now for my reasons.

In taking my own life I have doubtless committed a crime against the laws of God and the state, but I believe that the life of one man is of little value when weighed against even a possible good to the community. If my death fulfills the object I have in view, then my life has been well sacrificed. And even if it fails, the intention will absolve me.

Next, I have inflicted great anguish of mind on an innocent and virtuous old man. But here again the agony, even if it run to martyrdom of one, must be weighed against the benefit of the many. For James Thompson himself I have endeavored to supply consolation, if not compensation, in my legacy of $10,000 and the supplementary sum of $10,000 which I inclose herewith. May he understand and forgive me.

Perhaps even now you scarcely understand what I hope to have accomplished by my death, but I will endeavor to explain. You have heard me speak, you have perhaps read my written words on the use of circumstantial evidence. I am convinced that so long as men are done to death on indirect evidence so long must the constant possibility of judicial murder lie heavy on the conscience of the nation. By my death and Thompson's conviction I hope to awaken the public conscience to a sense of its shameful burden. If I am successful, then all has been well done.

Here is an innocent man sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence of the clearest description, and but for this letter his sentence would eventually be executed.

All that I have done to fix my death upon Thompson might have been done by a third party had I been really assassinated.

In conclusion I beg that a copy of this letter be sent to each of the newspapers, and that the inclosure be handed to James Thompson with the assurance of my affection and thanks for his services voluntary and others.

For myself I feel that if this case leads to a revision of the law touching the infliction of the death penalty neither my life nor Thompson's peace of mind will have been vainly sacrificed. Your affectionate friend,

GEORGE WEATHERCRAFT.

The two men sat silent for a minute while the lawyer folded up the paper and laid it on the little pile of notes. Then Mr. Lacey spoke:

"I always thought poor Weathercraft was a bit of a crank on circumstantial evidence, but he must have been stark, staring mad. I wonder what old James will think of it. I wouldn't have gone through it for millions."

"I doubt if old James would if he had been given a chance," replied the man of law; "not but what $20,000 is a good round sum for the old fellow to earn in six months, though he might have preferred earning it in some other way."

"Do you think it likely to have the desired effect on the minds of our law givers?" asked the other.

"Not the least in the world," replied Mr. Fogey, "rather the reverse, I should imagine," he continued, with a half smile. "People will say that Weathercraft was as mad as a March hare and may even infer that everybody who shares his views is a little cracked too. No, no! Poor Weathercraft has thrown his life away, old Thompson is richer by $20,000 minus his law expenses and plus a vast deal of experience, and the law will remain just as it was before.

"Now good by. I'm off to show the letter to the governor. It's a rum case anyhow."—Philadelphia Press.

Both Were Candid.

Doctor—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband—There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she always thought you might be offended!—Fliegende Blatter.

NEAR THE SUMMIT.

A FRENCH SCIENTIST FORETELLS THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Progress Leading Up to a Rapid Union of the Human Family—Extension of European Races—A Free Field For the Whites of Europe and America.

It appears that the human race is about to reach the summit of the epoch called the reign of humanity. The great discoveries made in later times, the exotic countries explored form a connection of circumstances which will establish new processes of civilization and a more powerful contact between different human races. And the races themselves—what will become of them? This question the distinguished anthropologist, M. Zaborowski, has attempted to solve. The globe has now a population of 1,500,000,000 of people, and indications are that this will be doubled in a very short time.

Now, it must not be forgotten that all parts of the globe are today visited by people who represent about one-fifth of humanity, and these are gifted with a power of expansion which has never before been realized. But all distinctive race peculiarities will efface themselves. The great digestive power of the Eskimo, the velocity and facility with which a reserve fund of food is supplied by the rapid fattening of the Bochiman, the simian mobility, the feline agility of the dwarfs of the forest, will become unnecessary by the rapid approach of civilization. Civilized man has no need of these.

Progress will also result in the increase of hereditary elements of character, and by this the rapid union of the human race, for, after all is said, humanity does not differ much. In some opinions the most degraded savages will some day become civilized, although others consider even intellectual differences between neighboring races as irreducible. According to M. Zaborowski it is necessary, above all, to preserve all colonies from the encroachments of mere adventurers and to remember that their intelligence will only be increased by a corresponding development of their implements, their manual dexterity, the delicacy of their senses, their social habits and their needs. Notwithstanding appearances, there is no cosmopolitan human race, as there is in general no cosmopolitans. It is useless to signalize the dog in this manner, for it is only a hypothesis which has been acted upon in identifying wild dogs with the dogs of oriental towns.

It is reduced to nothing by the single fact that different dogs were found in different regions at the quaternary epoch when there were as yet no domestic animals. Man, thanks to his intelligence and to the resources of his intellectual development, alone enjoys the power of acclimation. He modifies by artificial means the place where he is called to live, and he knows how to extenuate or charm away the noxious influences of different climates. This faculty, however, has its limits. Thus in spite of all the advantages and the pompous display enjoyed by the English in India, they have never been able to raise their families there. All the intertropical regions are in the same way almost forbidden to the races of the northern zones of Europe. At the same time mental differences are caused by places and climates, and there are profound differences which never disappear by which races are separated and distinguished.

In effect, to all appearances the greater part of the races will disappear from the fact of the rapid extension of the European races. For it is necessary to remember that in the movements which are important to the actual world economic influences ceaselessly intervene and change the provisions of science. For a long time it was supposed that Algeria would never be colonized by Europeans, but the colonies have transformed the climate, and by the careful management of the water have made of Algeria a relatively healthful country.

But for a long time in certain conditions of climate there will be a place at the side of the European races for very different races, endowed with ability to work, and thus capable of competing for a great part of the globe. These races are not very numerous, but at the head is found the admirable Chinese, who alone represent one-third of humanity. But there are others who will disappear in a more or less distant future. Among these are the Laps, many of the inhabitants of ancient Asia, the Veddahs, the Malays, the little blacks of the Philippines of Borneo, and all the other people who, for thousands of years, have refused themselves to all culture and are only the survivors, surprising to themselves, of an almost vanished age. Also the Indians of North and South America and the natives of Polynesia. For instance, in 1858 the Marquesas islands, according to official statistics, had 11,000 native inhabitants, in 1872 but 6,000, and this decrease was almost always caused by a diminution of births. The Polynesians have an organic repugnance for persistent effort, and when sick give up quickly "as tired of life."

This leaves the field free to the whites of Europe and America. The differences which separate those who survive or are reformed will be much smaller than we observe today. If distant, the reduction is certain, but it is not yet possible to foresee the disappearance or the fusion of the three principal types. Less than three centuries ago outside of China and Europe the whole world was peopled with savages, and in less than three centuries these races will have disappeared and been replaced by the descendants of the European races, having as auxiliaries as many Chinese and negroes as are adapted to the needs of their civilization. —Paris Revue des Revues.

Where the Hurry Stops.

Lady—Where did you get this pretty doll?

Little Girl—I forget the name of the place, but it's that great big store where everybody is in a hurry except the ones that makes change.—Good News.

Advice For Young Rhymesters.

Ridicule and serious advice are both bestowed freely upon youthful versifiers to convince them of what is usually evident to everybody but themselves—that they are not poets.

Poetry, they are told, can only be produced by men and women born to genius and is a sorry recreation for sensible young people, who would do better either to play or to study than to waste time in making rhymes and sentimentalizing. All such nonsense should be put aside, and if writing is to be done at all it should be in plain prose.

In the main the advice is good. Real poets are almost as rare as white blackbirds. Struggling rhymesters who regard themselves as the Great Unrecognized and who think their homely critics ignorant persons who will be confuted in the distant future by the dazzling fame of immortal works they some day will produce are absurd enough. Nevertheless versifying is a gift which may be turned to agreeable use even when it does not approach the realm of poetry.

We do not consider that the person gifted with a facile pencil should not draw lest he should fancy himself an artist. Why then need we discourage the person gifted with a knack at rhyme from versifying lest he should believe himself a poet?

Indeed stern discouragement rather than kindly criticism or judicious praise is what oftenest drives young and ardent writers of verse to believe the power which they know themselves to possess something more important than it is.

Rhyming is a pretty art in itself. There is something winning to most ears in its swing and lilt, and it may frequently be used effectively by amateurs if they will accept the limits of their talent and deal with thoughts and themes which are not imitated, but honestly their own.—Youth's Companion.

A Problem of the Future.

There really seems to be no hope for words which we class as common gender, so that we shall perhaps forever hear some people refer to their "lady friend" or their "gentleman cousin." Nor can we desire such a complete differentiation that would compel us to be strictly logical in giving the feminine of "Michigander" or constrain us to follow an example already set in referring to woman's convention as "moving in the even soprano of their ways."

This latter might be improved upon by saying mezzo soprano of her way. But, joking aside, how are we to refer to the presiding officer of an assembly of women? Will Mrs. President do? Or shall we in our rules of parliamentary practice suggest the chair? Perhaps this would answer. But suppose the chair appoints a committee, and in announcing the members desires that Mrs. A. should preside at the deliberations of this committee, how shall she indicate it? Shall she say, "I appoint Mrs. A. chairman" or chairwoman? This latter bears too close a resemblance to charwoman to be popular, and in the broad pronunciation of some might be mistaken for it. Would it do to say chairmistress? If not, what shall we advise?

Again, we are likely soon to see women on our juries, and it is more than probable that one of them would be selected to render the verdict. In such an event confusion might result, inasmuch as our statutes prescribe the functions of the foreman. Shall these states as soon as they admit women on the jury revise their statutes in this regard? If so, what change must be made—foreman or forewoman, foreman or foremistress, or what?—J. Howard Gore in New Peterson.

Extreme High and Low Temperatures.

Recent scientific discoveries have made possible the use of higher temperatures than had before been reached, and the application of the electric current has given a degree of heat hitherto considered unattainable. In the opposite direction a French scientist, M. Pictet, has been experimenting and has succeeded in producing the extraordinary low temperature of 273 degrees centigrade (491 degrees F.) below the freezing point, a degree of cold almost incalculable to our senses. These researches in the direction of both high and low temperatures are not simply matters of scientific curiosity, but are of substantial use, since they open new fields of chemical research and permit changes and combinations which have been considered possible, but impracticable with the means at command.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Methods of Some Authors.

In The Writer Dr. Erichsen of Detroit has an article on how authors write. Darwin, we are told, wrote on scraps of paper as he traveled around in his sulky. Chateaubriand required all the luxuries of the craft in the way of desk, pens, paper and ink when he wrote. Dr. George Ebers writes on a lapboard. Ordinarily he writes with great ease, but "sometimes the composition of a stirring chapter so mercilessly excites him that great beads of sweat appear upon his forehead and he is compelled to lay down his pen unable to write another line."

Some authors write at night, others in the morning, and all of those here mentioned, except the ladies, enjoy the stimulatus afforded by tobacco. Anna Katharine Green finds her stimulant in her scrapbooks, while Kate Field stimulates herself with hot water.

The Instincts of Birds.

It is certain that all creatures on the desert show remarkable intelligence, and how they acquire their information is decidedly a puzzle. Suppose, for example, alfalfa seed is sown. The place may not have a bird about the day before the seed is put in, but next day a cloud of them will descend upon the spot and faithfully eat every seed. They do their work thoroughly and with praiseworthy industry. Poisoned wheat will check the entire removal of the seed, but the sparrow is never deterred by death, though there are some who affirm a few dead sparrows will have a chastening influence upon the rest. The sparrows with whom I have had personal relations despise death.—Exchange.

PRETTY GOOD EVIDENCE.

How a Doubting Thomas of a City Editor Was Satisfied of the Truth.

He was very fat and a reporter on a paper in Pittsburg. For some time the city editor had been gradually becoming impressed with the opinion that some of his reporters were shirking and were not using that diligence and energy in gathering facts concerning assignments given them to cover that should be characteristic of them. In fact, he was in that frame of mind in which he was harassed with grave doubts every time a reporter said that a man he had been sent to see was not in or refused to talk.

One evening when this impression was running strongly within him there came a rumor that Harry Oliver, the big iron man, had failed and had made an assignment. The fat reporter was sent out to see Mr. Oliver. He returned with the information that the house was shut up tight and that repeated rings had failed of any response. Mr. Oliver's house was up one of those high hills that would impart bloom on the cheeks of all its girls but for the smoky atmosphere.

The city editor looked at the fat reporter, and then he was ready as a good Quaker to solemnly affirm his belief that the hill leading up to Mr. Oliver's household had never been climbed. He was neither slow nor delicate about asserting this belief and dispatched the reporter again on the same mission with directions not to return without some evidence that he had actually been at the Oliver residence.

Later in the night the fat reporter came in puffing and blowing. Under his arm was a big package neatly wrapped in a newspaper. He reported a second failure to arouse any of the supposed inmates of the Oliver house, and a second time the city editor was incredulous. "There," said the fat reporter, with emphasis, "there, does that satisfy you?" and he banged down on the table his package. Unfolding it in a bewildered way, the city editor exposed the contents, a great silver plate inscribed "H. W. Oliver, Jr." The fat reporter had rung the door bell unavailingly and had then unscrewed from the family mansion the name plate on the door.—Washington Post.

A Grace Church Window.

By nothing can the prevailing state of taste be more accurately gauged than by the monuments erected in churches and other public places. In the dark periods which every now and then come in art church monuments erected by the loving but mistaken friends of the dead have been often horrid monstrosities. It is good to note a decided advance in this respect here in New York. In some of our churches exquisite windows, rivaling in the delicacy of their tones those to be found in the old churches of the continent of Europe, have been placed. Now it is announced that another door, set in a carved doorway, is to be placed in Grace church by the family of the late Charles Griswold Langdon. This will make each entrance to the church represent a memorial to some former member of the parish. The good thing about a window or a doorway is that in each case there is a design to improve the church rather than satisfy that individual pride which is so manifest in the case of so many mural and statuary memorials.—New York Sun.

Some Magnificent Wedding Cakes.

Some very costly wedding cakes have been made in the royal kitchen of her majesty the queen. That provided for the Princess Beatrice's wedding was said to be worth £300. It weighed 800 pounds, was 9 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter. Six months were occupied in modeling the ornaments, among which were 1,800 sprays of sugared leaves of ivy, roses, honeysuckle and other plants. It was conveyed to Osborne in a special van and required 12 men to handle it.

The one provided for the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife was also made by the queen's confectioner and was a most magnificent and costly cake. The cake made for Count Munster's wedding was said to be of great cost. It stood on a handsome silver plateau. It weighed over a hundredweight, and was built in two tiers, overtopping everything else in the room where the breakfast was held.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Artificial Ice Is So Pure.

That artificial ice is pure ice cannot be gainsaid. The very nature and manner of manufacture necessarily makes it so. The water used is carefully distilled, which renders it impossible that any impurities shall remain, and even after it is distilled extra precautions are taken to keep it pure until it is safely congealed into the crystal blocks, which are almost transparent and show not the slightest foreign substance. Take a piece of purest lake ice and carefully compare it with the manufactured article, and the difference will readily be seen. Melt them in different glasses, and in the bottom of that containing the natural ice will be found a sediment, the other will contain pure water, while under the microscope a vast difference will be disclosed.—Exchange.

A Devout Celestial.

In one of the Sunday schools at Olympia is a little Chinese boy who takes great interest in all the proceedings. When impressed with the propriety of bringing a nickel to put in the contribution box, he promptly responded, but as he parted with it he asked, "What for?" The kind teacher replied, "It's for Jesus, my dear." The second Sunday the same question and the same answer. The third Sunday the same, but now the little Celestial's eyes opened with earnestness as he further asked, "Jesus allus bloke?" The reply of the teacher is not recorded. —Portland Oregonian.

Reason For the Past Tense.

"It ees, however," said the distinguished foreigner as he concluded his story, "simply a matter of heardsaid."

"You mean 'hearsay,' of course, count?"

"Ah, but zis was told me some time ago!"—Exchange.

JAPANESE FISHERS.

DESCRIPTION OF THEIR TACKLE, BOATS AND COSTUMES.

They Do Not Handle Their Oars Up to Yale "Form"—Long Days of Work With but Small Return—Picturesque Scenes About the Shore In the Evening.

The waters on the coast of Japan are bountifully supplied with fish, and accordingly a large number of people along the coast are engaged in fishing. From a village like Isozaki the boats got out for the day, and in many aspects an account of their work will illustrate fishing along the entire coast. All through the day the village is exceedingly quiet, except for the scores of quite naked children, who at all times are diving, swimming and playing in the water near the shore, only coming out of the water occasionally to sit upon the hot rocks to warm themselves. It is no exaggeration to say that the greater part of their time is spent in the water. They are of course brown as Indians, but as much at home in the sea as fish.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the excitement of the day begins. A few men are seen gathering on the tops of hills and high points along the shore, and soon upon the horizon we see the white square sails of the fishing boats. Usually the boat is fitted with two square sails, which are so managed as to hold a good deal of wind and to carry the boat forward with good speed. As they approach the shore the mainsail, which is held by a cross spar at the top of a slight mast 15 or 18 feet high, is furled and the mast taken in; then in a few moments the foresail, which is rigged in the same way and is about a third smaller, is taken in also; then are run out those peculiar Japanese oars, three or four on a side. The oar is composed of two pieces and is a very heavy affair, often as much as two men care to lift. It has a hole in the under side and rests on a pivot something like an outrigger. These oars run back toward the stern of the boat and are worked in a manner something like sculling by two men to an oar, the men standing to their work and facing the side of the boat.

To see one of these boats driven rapidly through the water one is vividly reminded of the Roman triremes propelled by the galley slaves of old. A peculiar shout accompanies the rowing, as if to aid in keeping time, but in fact each oar is worked entirely independent of the others, and there is no harmony whatever. There are few more picturesque scenes than these quaint Japanese junks with their high prows and sides as they come in with their white square sails set, and then the sudden transformation into a Roman galley as they approach the shore.

There is of course no wharf at the landing, and you are surprised as the boat reaches the beach to see her turned and run on to the beach stern foremost. The success of the day can readily be told even before they begin to discharge cargo by the activity of the rowers and the loudness of their shout as they approach the land, as well as often by a little banner run up in the stern, which proclaims a successful catch.

As the boat lies by the shore the crowd of men, women and children gather around, and a part of the crew discharge the day's catch, throwing the fish from the boat into the shallow water near the shore. Others take masts and oars from the boat and carry them up the beach, and others take out various other movables from the boat. During the month of August the fish, which are taken entirely by nets, are almost all kotsuo or bon to, of firm flesh and much liked by the Japanese as well as foreigners. A good day's catch for a crew of 12 to 18 men is about 800 fish, though often more than that number are taken. All the fish, having been thrown into the water, they are then gathered up and laid on the beach and counted.

While this is going on we may notice the sailors whose appearance seemed so unusual as they were seen approaching the shore. We at once decide that a fishman's wardrobe cannot be an expensive draft upon his pocket, for their brown bodies seem to be adorned by only two garments, one a narrow white cloth about the loins and the other a bluish white cloth about the head and forehead, which prevents the perspiration from flowing into their eyes. This latter garment is rarely wanting, though the former frequently is. They are finely developed fellows physically, nearly all young men, and a very jovial and happy crew. The crowd along the shore has been increased by the coming of men drawing two wheeled carts with baskets upon them, into which the fish as soon as they have been counted are placed, leaving the beach red with their blood, and away go the men for a night journey to Milo, 12 miles away, the nearest large city, where the fish will be sold the next morning, or perhaps shipped by rail to Tokio and other large towns.

Meanwhile the sailors have attached ropes to the stern of the boat, and, with much shouting and pulling, have drawn her up over rollers upon the beach above the tide. The absence of paint, pitch or other substance for keeping the boat watertight makes it necessary often while she is lying on the beach to pile heaps of rice straw around her in the evening, which, set on fire, reveals a fantastic scene and helps to make her watertight for a short period.

Work over, the men take their lunch boxes—wooden boxes, 1½ by 2 feet square—in which they keep not only food, but a larger garment for the better covering of their bodies, and hasten away to their homes, bearing in one hand perhaps a fish for their own families.

A short night's rest, and at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning the boats are pushed off again, and another day's work begins. If their day's work realizes an average of 20 or 25 cents, they are very fortunate. The wretched huts that they call home and the condition of their living indicate, however, that they fall below this for the most part.—Lewiston Journal.

OLD TIME SMUGGLING.

How the Business of Cheating the Government Has Degenerated.

Instead of a run by night in an open boat from the French coast to the shores of Hampshire, Sussex, Essex or Kent, we have to content ourselves in these prosaic times with petty attempts to cheat the revenue, for which women are more frequently responsible than men. Such an incident once happened at Belfast, where an Irishwoman named Mary McMahon was brought to the police court charged with keeping whisky on premises which were unlicensed. Sergeant Jones deposed that he went into the defendant's house and found a woman named Grayton, who was seated before the fire. Upon searching her the sergeant came upon 36 bottles of porter and two bottles of whisky stowed away in her petticoats. To the inexpressible amusement of the spectators the sergeant produced the peccant garments in court. Each petticoat was made of coarse sacking and was girt with innumerable pockets, and all of them lined with soft material so as to keep the bottles from clinking and possibly breaking each other.

Unhappily for poor Mary McMahon, the petticoats, whisky and porter were confiscated by the relentless police magistrate, and the chief delinquent was sent to jail for three months. I entertain no doubt that the hearty sympathies of nine-tenths of those present in court went with Mary McMahon to limbo. There has, we fear, never been a time in Scotland or Ireland when surreptitious potheen and mountain dew which never paid a bawbee to the state exchequer did not, like stolen kisses, taste the sweeter because of their clandestine birth.

He, however, who would fain find amusing stories about running the blockade and smuggling contraband of war through an enemy's lines may turn with advantage to many transatlantic magazines which teem with articles revealing the illicit trade carried on during the American civil war. Ladies of the Belle Boyd and Mrs. Greenhow type were caught trying to make their way down south with countless boxes of copper caps and packages of quinine stitched into their crinolines. Captain Roberts, better known under his real name, Hobart Pasha, tells us that he smuggled great quantities of Cockle's pills into Secessia, but that the southerners, differing in taste from the lamented Colonel Fred Burnaby, would have none of them.

A certain young lady, who appeared to be in delicate health, took ship at New York for Havana, whence she hoped to run the blockade into Mobile. Overpowered by seasickness during the voyage, she could not prevent the stewardess from discovering that she was girt round about with linen bandages, among which many costly drugs were stowed. Such is the complexion to which modern smuggling has come at last. Our coast guards have no preventive duties to perform, and their only raison d'etre is to watch that no foreign foe makes a descent on our coasts. The Dirk Hatteracks of the past are as dead as the pirates of the Captain Cleveland order, and in their stead petty larceny revenue cheaters like Mary MacMahon have sprung into existence.—London Society.

Old Timers on the Ohio River.

The Ohio river steamboat captain of 35 years ago has never been equaled in point of assumed dignity by anything except the modern postoffice clerk and the officers of the "mosquito fleet" during the war. When he came on board and the mate took his place at the bell with the roustabouts ready to haul in the gangplank, one could imagine that about all that was admirable in the universe was about to move out. And it was a quaint picture, with merry and homelike features.

The old timer along the banks of the Ohio loves to talk of the good old days only to bewail the degeneracy of the times. He never tires of telling of the exploits of the Boston, Bostona, Wild Wagoner, Lady Franklin, Alice Pike and a score of other familiar names. What if the old timers were profane? The natives along the shores expected it. When the steamer of 30 years ago rounded to for the purpose of taking on wood, the poor devil who sawed the wood just as firmly expected a cursing as he did a salutation. The wood was too blank long, too blank short and too blank green. Everything was wrong. In fact, the stamp of brutality pervaded every transaction and all intercourse. But it was not a spirit of mutality. It was their way—the way of the tribes. It was as natural for an Ohio river steamboat officer to swear as it was for him to hit a deckhand with a board or as it is for a dude to look silly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wendell Phillips as a Lecturer.

Wendell Phillips as a lecturer, and apart from his extraordinary power as a convention orator on occasions, was quite the most interesting, the most convincing, the most polished and delightful platform speaker that America has produced. He owed his success to his wit, to the most felicitous and incisive vocabulary, to the most melodious and entrancing voice and to his perfect command of himself and all his resources. He was never slovenly. He always brought his best thought most carefully arranged to his audience, and he never met an audience, even one hostile to him and his opinions, that he could not at length subdue to his potent influence. Nothing was left to chance.

He would no more have produced an unfinished lecture than a great artist would have exhibited an unfinished picture. He respected his audience, and the audience always felt this. The sympathy that he gained from it, even when it disagreed with him, was the more remarkable because he never, or rarely ever, improvised. Yet he had such consummate art that he seemed to be improvising, the golden words apparently dropping freshly coined from the brilliant mint of his mind. He was eloquent without a single burst of cheap rhetoric. And of all orators on the platform he was the most convincing and plausible for the hour.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

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County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Beede, Pres, Norton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Beede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coleon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Fourner st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P O'Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Feegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4255 Wentworth-av Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Haidin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abera Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Woods's hall, 4420 Wentworth av.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J P Walsh, V P; Jas Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradenaw Fin Sec; H J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thornton, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeoughan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Berwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 28—Jas Dorsey, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Cilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 33—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2716 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6065 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Meinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at Meet Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, Thomas Sebastes, 2500 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d & 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm H Donahy, Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James Riley. Meet 1st saturday and 3rd Tuesday Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 6 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4069 Dearborn; F S, Hugh O Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Gruper's hall, 4655 State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jas H Hann; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Larrabee st; R S, W C Dore, 36 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 198 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittlschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jos McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J F Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 483 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Xenses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Ringer; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael T Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; Treas, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, M M Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckling, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2591 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

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St McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2363 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2630 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

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We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

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Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.85. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $35.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.85.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

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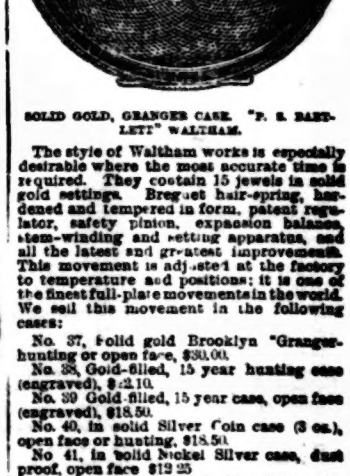

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At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, July 12, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 8,778,523.59
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
Other bonds		72,015.00
Due from national banks	$1,178,040.38	
Due from State banks and bankers	364,569.99	1,542,610.37
Exchanges for clearing house and cash on hand		2,539,559.99
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
		$12,984,959.95

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		225,387.40
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		1,563.00
Deposits, individual	$7,662,154.42	
Deposits, banks	3,050,525.13	10,712,979.55
		$12,984,959.95

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
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Dated at Chicago, aforesaid, this seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

JENNIE RICHTER,
General partner.
ISAAC PIESER,
Special partner.

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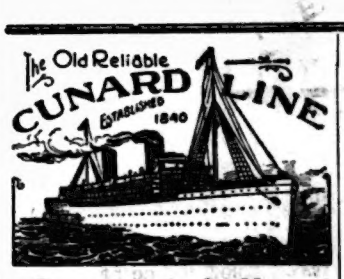

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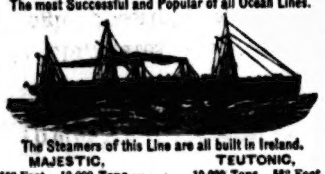

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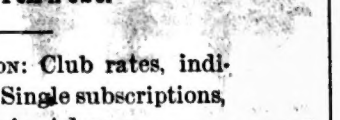

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